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JANUARY 1967
No. 37 (Vol. 4 No. 1)

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**COVER STARS**

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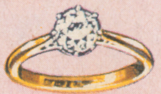

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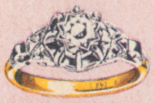

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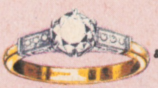

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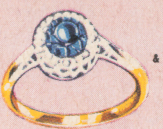

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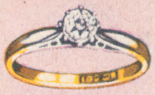

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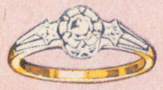

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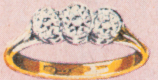

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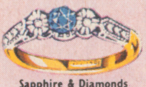

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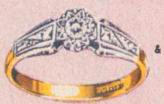

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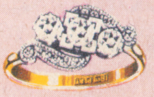

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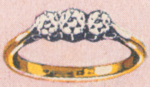

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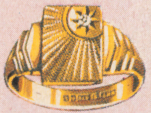

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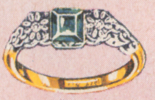

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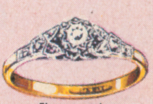

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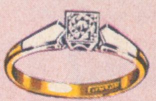

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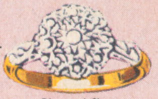

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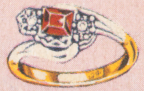

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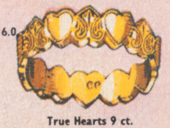

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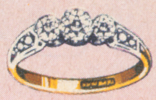

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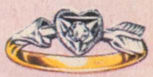

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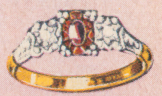

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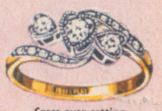

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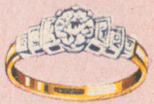

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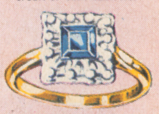

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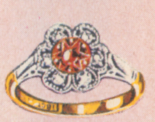

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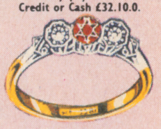

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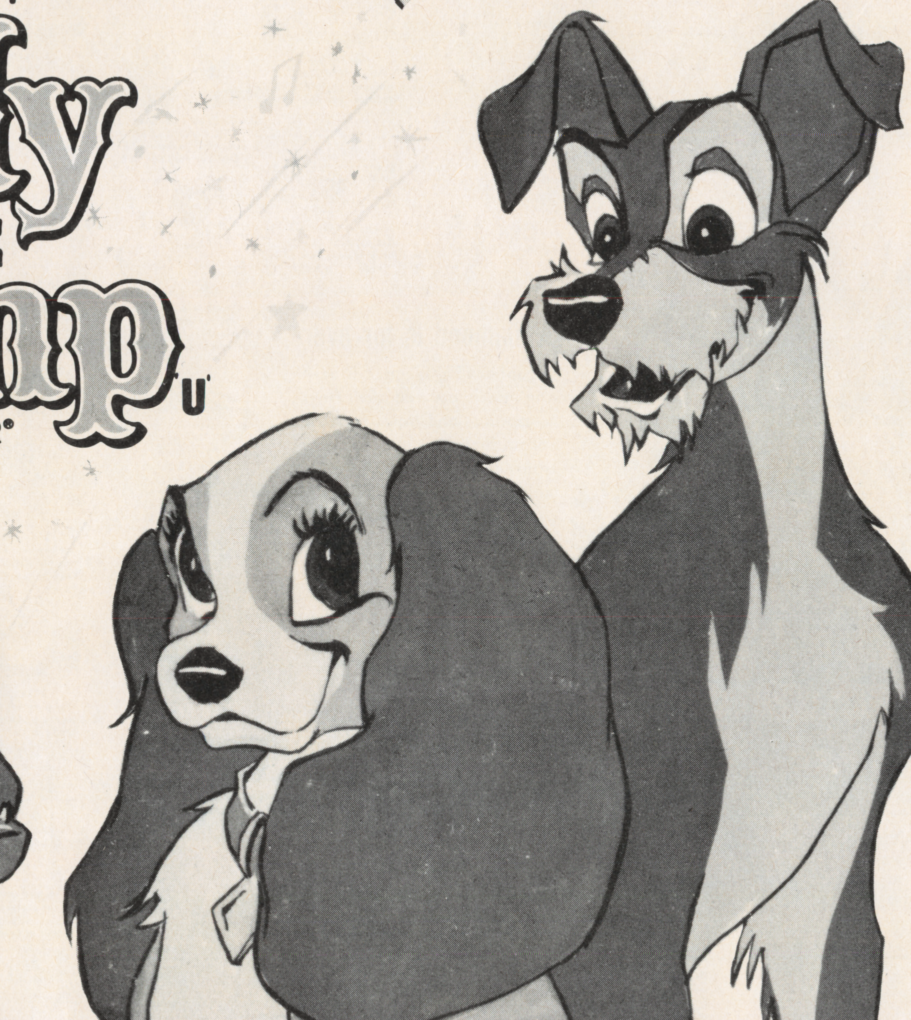

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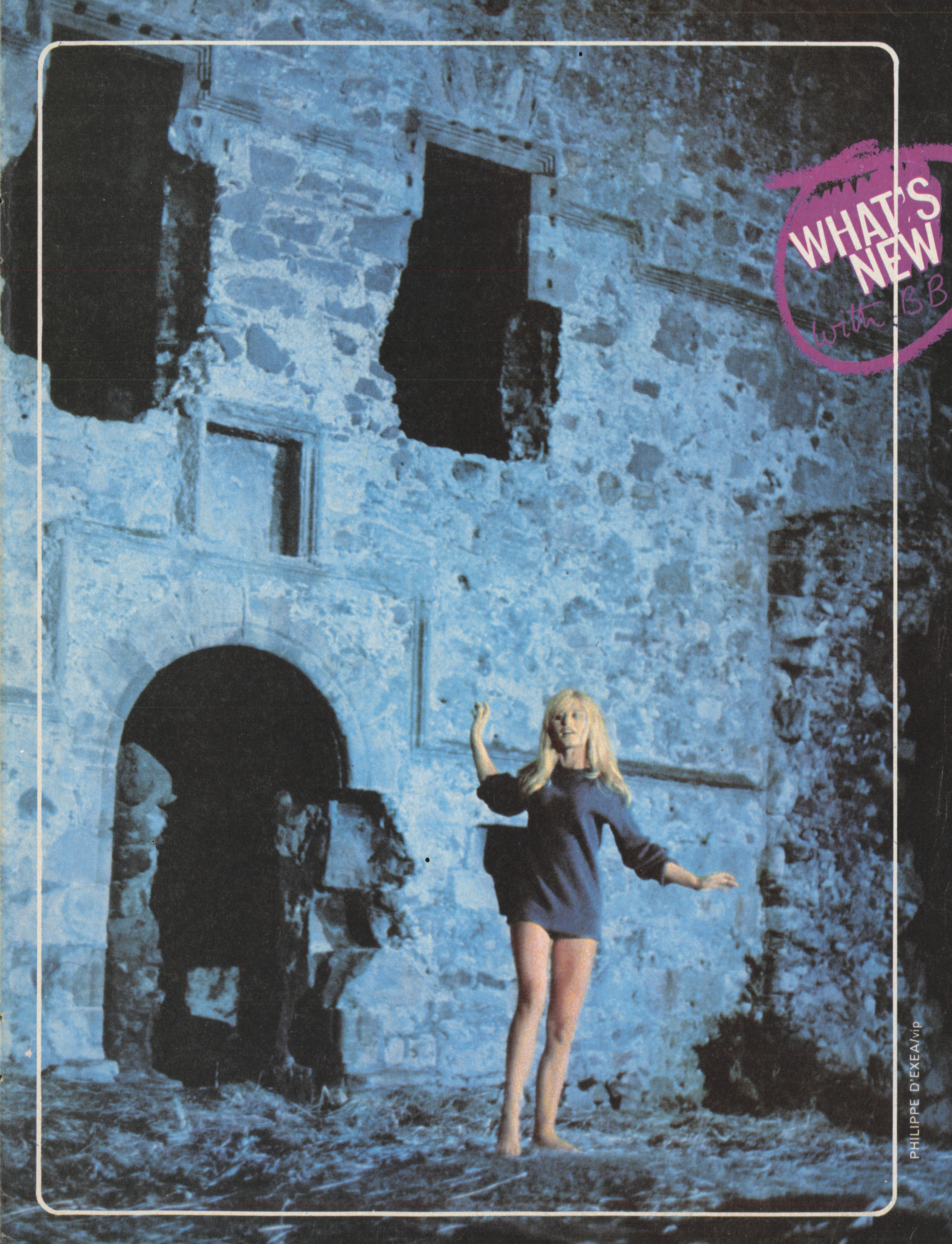
# WHAT'S NEW with BB



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# THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

## THAT ROBBERY

All home efforts to film the theft of the centur

## PRIVATE

## MEET MY ALPHA BEAUTIES DD

. . . is for **DEE DUFFY**

**Spy films offer the swiftest and most likely route to fame for girls these days, as the heroes need a brand-new group of actresses to caress and conquer in each adventure. I must thank Dean Martin once again for keeping my alpha-beauties rolling along. His slaygirls in *Murderers' Row* include Corrine Cole and this cool blonde, the delightful Dee Duffy. Hereinafter to be known as Dee-D.**

## CC

# THE TECS

HARPER CAMERON TIBBS GUNN

# IS COMING

AFTER SPIES, whither? The answer seems a backward slide to the world of Humphrey Bogart and Raymond Chandler. Detectives. Private eyes. Sexy shamuses. Cynical cops. Without gadgets. Using only their wits to crack cases . . . and heads.

This nostalgic vogue was reborn when two young Americans, Jerry Gershwin and Elliott Kastner, decided to enter films with a project called *The Moving Target*. This soon struck double-top at the box-office. No great surprise then that Paul Newman lives again as Lew Harper in *The Chill*—based on another novel by Ross MacDonald (though in his books the hero is called Lew Archer!)

Having struck gold, Gershwin and Kastner are now extending their claim, having secured two unpublished stories by that doyen of the private eye sagas, the late Raymond Chandler. All that's required now: a good new Bogey. Lee Marvin?

Most curious story in the revival involves Craig Stevens, that Cary Grant - sounding headliner of TV's *Man Of The World* and *Mr. Broadway*. He started in American TV as a 'tec called *Peter Gunn*—directed by Blake Edwards, music by Henry Mancini. Now Gunn is being shot again for the bigger screen, with Stevens back in business—which is rather like Donald Gray making a film of *Mark Saber*!

James Garner is another star fitting himself out with a shoulder-holster for his first '67 production—*Doll*. This is a tough, erotic novel by Ed McBain — famous alias of famous novelist Ewan Hunter (*Blackboard Jungle* and *Buddwing*, which Jim has filmed), when he writes his tales of the *87 Precinct*. And Jim Garner told me on the *Grand Prix* set: "It's a good suspense thriller, for the detective lieutenant I play—Alan 'Cam' Cameron—is kidnapped by the very murderers he's chasing!"

Even so, my money for the best of the new 'tecs is the newest of them all—Virgil Tibbs in Norman (*Russians*) Jewison's new drama, *In The Heat Of The Night*. John Ball's book has a superb opening . . .

*A cop in a Deep South town discovers a murdered man in the road. He pulls in a suspect, a coloured man whose wallet is stuffed with money. When the local sheriff asks the Negro how he came by it, the reply is: "I worked for it." How? "I'm a policeman . . ."!*

Imagine the consternation of the tawdry sheriff (Rod Steiger), particularly when he further learns that Tibbs is a homicide expert, much respected in California. Yes, Virgil Tibbs is the screen's first coloured detective, which means, of course, that Sidney Poitier plays him.

So far Britain, the very country that led the world in spy business, can still serve up nothing better than Sgt. Dixon and Sgt. Cork . . .

# IT'S HOLLYWORLD!

**Perhaps, after all, the American film actor has a case when he complains of the "runaway" Hollywood films which are being made in Europe for reasons of authenticity in locals and language. A recent count-down of America's Screen Actor's Guild proved that 1,500 of its members are fluent in at least one other language. French is the most popular, followed by the rest of the European and Latin-American tongues. But many members speak other languages: Chinese, Japanese, Hebrew, Korean, Turkish and even Gaelic. Fifty others can come up with an even rarer assortment: Croatian, Estonian, Flemish, Lebanese, Persian, Samoan, Syrian and (Richard Burton, I presume) Welsh!**

# MIKE
## and Les Girls
## (cont'd)

*If there is a British actor whose address book boasts the names of as many beautiful girls as does Michael Caine's, I would like to meet him. In real life, Mike is never short of a gorgeous girl to drape across his arm. On the screen, however, in recent months, Mike seems to have run out of luck. First of all his* Funeral In Berlin *partner, Anjanette Comer, became ill and was replaced by the shapely Eva Renzi. Then, in the States for Preminger's new film,* Hurry Sundown, *Candice Bergen (from* The Group*) disappeared from the cast and, because Preminger found he could get better financial backing with a bigger star, in came Jane Fonda.*

*Meanwhile, Mike's friend and producer, Harry Saltzman, tried to set up a project to feature Mike and BB. BB said:* Non *Harry, not to be put off, said O.K., what about* Ursul *Andress? This time, it* w *Ursula's beau, Jean-Pa Belmondo, who said:* Non. *End of project. But not, I sure, the end of Mike and birds. When he left Hollywo after his first trip, they dic ice that cake for nothing. message on top read:* Ca Cuts Out—Bachelors I joice!

## snippets

UNCLE-007 girl Luciana Paluzzi—she appeared in the first episodes of both *The Man* and *The Girl From UNCLE* series, as well as *Thunderball*—is finally getting into the big time. She co-stars with Rod Taylor and John Mills in *Chukka.*

Julie Andrews and Rock Hudson are suggested for the *Intermezzo* remake.

Otto Preminger takes over Mr. Freeze villain from George Sanders in TV's Batman. Another guest: [illegible] Stevens. On US-TV she stars in *The Farmer's Daughter*; on the Batman show she is *The Framer's Daughter*!

On Jack Lemmon's '67 schedule: *Sequined Eyebrow*[illegible] *Neon Lips.* Honest!

Elke Sommer is investing in beauty shops. So is Ursula Andress—but her shops are for *MEN ONLY!*

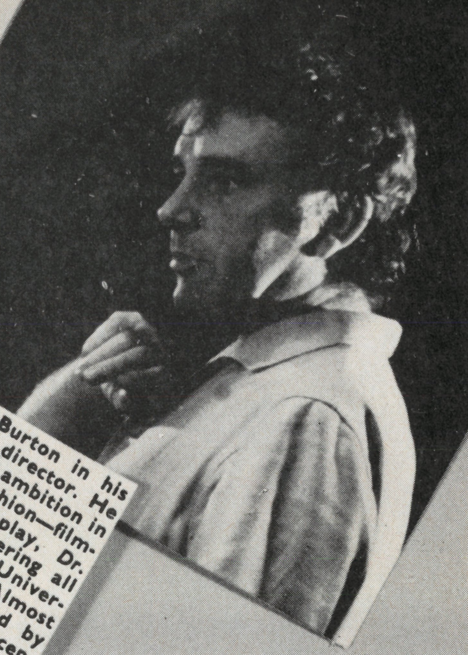
Nureyev's first dramatic film will still be the life story of ballet-star Nijinsky. Rudy has leapt right out of Cy Endfield's project, *The Seagull.* "A pity," says Cy. "But his world doesn't have the same reality as mine. He's always ten feet in the air—literally and figuratively"!

Among the *Casino Royale* guests: George Raft. It's his 105th gangster role—and 87th death!

Sinatra was obviously right installing Jay Richard Kennedy as head of his firm's story-finding department. Frank's next film? *The Chairman.* Author? Kennedy!

Yul Brynner has Charlotte Rampling instead of Vanessa Redgrave for *The Long Duel.*

[illegible] Sturgess is stirring again. He'll make [illegible] *Artful Dodger*, about [illegible] *Great Escape* [illegible] not used in the [illegible] W. film.



**Meet Richard Burton in his latest role: film director. He achieves his great ambition in a rather unique fashion—filming the Marlowe play, Dr. Faustus, and surrendering all profits to the Oxford University Dramatic Society. Almost all the parts are played by Oxford students. The exceptions are Burton himself (in the title role) and his wife, who will be seen in two fleeting appearances. One of these appearances—as Helen of Troy—is reputed to be in the nude . . .**

**Each new year must have its own sex-symbol, and this is the girl most likely to succeed in the headlines *and* films in 1967. Her name is *ISABEL SARLI* and she's the No. 1 star of Argentina, and the best-bathed star since Martine Carol first turned on a tap. Now Isabel is about to be introduced to Britain in a big way. Her films are to be imported—all part of her contract to make Anglo-Argentinian films. After seeing the svelte Sarli in *Tropical Sun, Hot Days and The Shoemaker's Wife*, I can understand why her ardent fans go ¡Ole!**

Tues: See Cain

Wed Pinewood!

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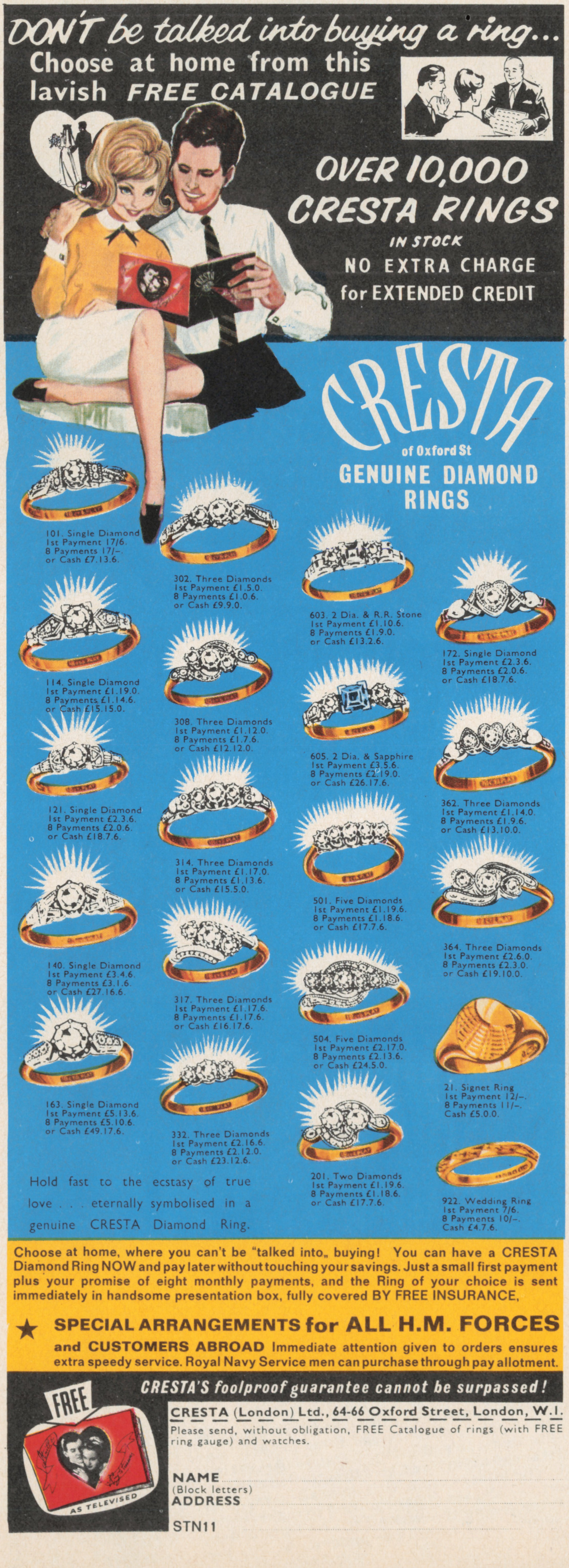
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# How Miss Ventura won her part with Cliff

WHEN Cliff Richard goes looking for a co-star, it's rather like the search for a new Bond girl. For his latest musical, *Finders Keepers*, he needed a Spanish-looking girl and in they swarmed at Pinewood Studios—bevies of brown-haired and raven-haired actresses; familiar faces from stage and television. All after the big prize. But the girl who won was thousands of miles away at the time . . . in sunny California, hob-nobbing with the stars and making TV guest appearances with such popular spies as Robert Vaughn, David McCallum and Bill Cosby.

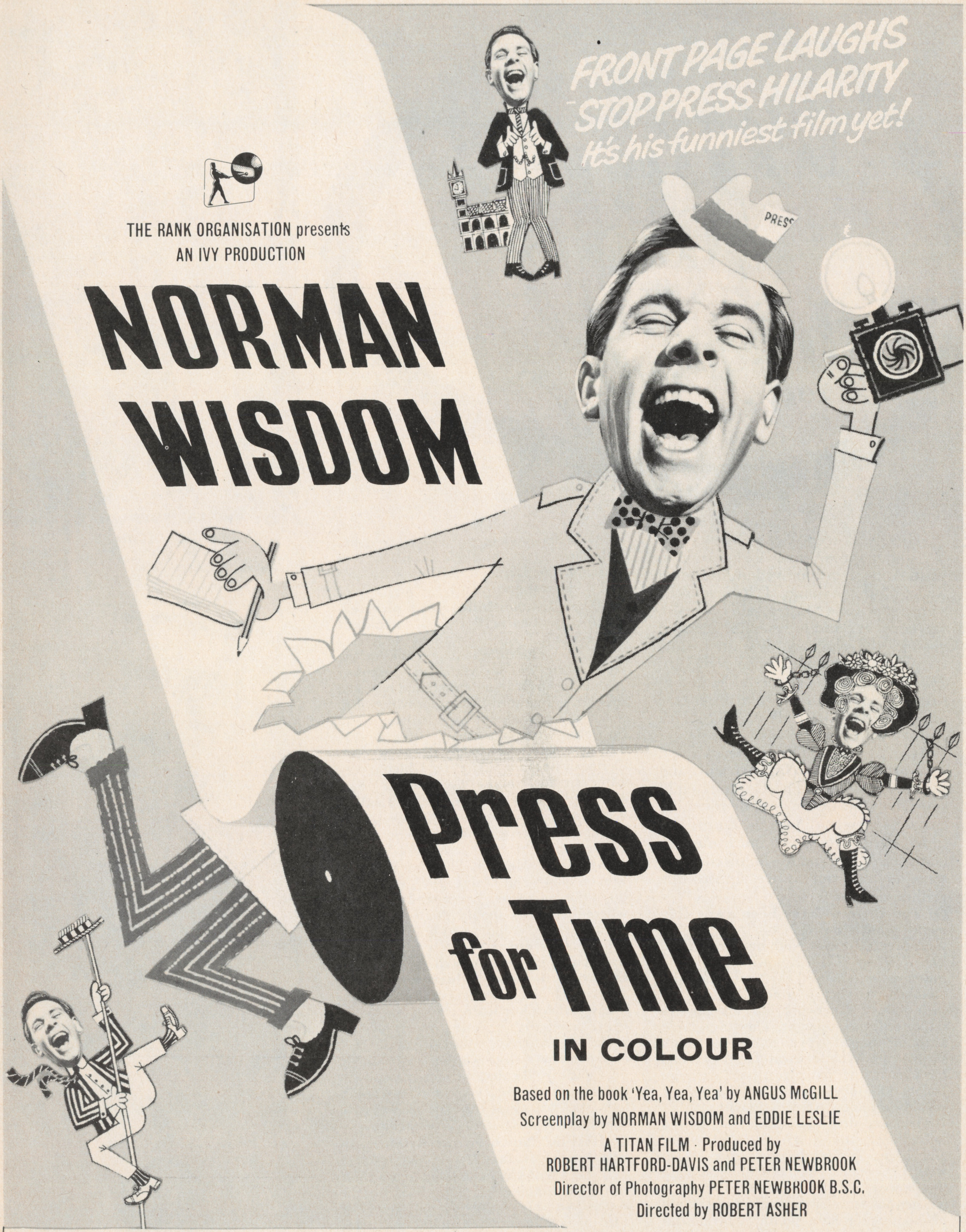
She's Viviane Ventura, the bright-eyed, shiny-haired South American-born beauty who was climbing fast in this country when her first Hollywood offer arrived and took her away. She was to have played an Indian girl in the biggest Western epic of all time, *The Day Custer Fell*. But as it turned out, this was the Western that never happened.

"It was postponed just after I arrived in New York," says Viviane. "So I was stuck there for four weeks. Then it was on again and the company said: *Go to Hollywood and meet the director*, *Fred Zinneman*. I flew there—and then the film was postponed again. Finally it was shelved and now they're never going to make it."

Such is life in the film world. But Viviane's arrival had been well noted. She was soon up to her eyes in TV spies—"just like making a film, except you finish in a week!"—and had agreed to do a *Batman* story when her London agent phoned: *Come home—quick!* And before you could say contract, Viviane was back, testing with Cliff at Pinewood.

That's how Viviane got Cliff . . . and much more besides. During filming, she got engaged to, and later married, property dealer Frank Duggan. "My luckiest film to date."

*Finders Keepers—say Cliff and Viviane.*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# WHAT'S NEW with Newley?

### BY TONY CRAWLEY

I HADN'T seen Tony Newley for about three years. A long time to wait. And when I arrived at his rented Swiss Cottage home, I had to wait some more. The Master, said the maid, was sorry . . . and in his bath. I looked around the room as I waited. The script of his first film since 1963, *Dr. Dolittle*, lay on the coffee-table, alongside his movie-camera case, brief case and address book, all in rich black leather with gold initials.

Then . . . enter The Master. Untied moccasins, black slacks, open shirt and profuse apologies. The Cockney child star who grew up to cheekily revitalise Britain's then trailing show business in films, TV, records and musical-comedies. The maid followed with some coffee, and as we sipped, the grilling commenced.

**Q: You seem to have been away for-ever—what's doing?**

A: A dreary answer: Nothing. We finished *The Roar Of The Greasepaint* [*his second Broadway hit musical*] as you know in October '65. Then I wrote a "special" for their ABC-TV network; not accepted, a bit far out, they thought. They even hired a trouble-shooter-type to tell me so. Didn't surprise me. What did was that they'd had the idea in the first place, poor darlings. Innovation they wanted—and got—and then didn't know what to do with it.

Then I secured my *Dolittle* role, moved to California from New York, lazed awhile, and began pre-production work. Hard work, believe me. The music, the costumes, the dances—and I'm not a good dancer. [*Co-star Samantha Eggar doesn't agree*]. We'll be shooting for eight months. I mean, this is a wild one!

**Q: And this is the one with all the animals. Do you get on with them?**

A: I don't have to. My role, Matthew Mugg, the Irish cats' meat-man, doesn't really understand them too well and has little to do with them. That's Rex Harrison's department. I work with cats and I like cats enormously.

**Q: The film continues your partnership with Leslie Bricusse—accident or design?**

A: Well, Leslie didn't suggest me for the part. There was no Mafia-bit! Producer Arthur Jacobs is an old friend and he asked me. I'm not natural casting for Mugg. I'm not Irish—and it's a very difficult accent to do right. Mugg is a lovable little guy. A sort of sprite. A Mickey Rooney part. Certainly not tailored for me, which is why I'm excited . . . and apprehensive.

**Q: You're still working with Leslie?**

A: Oh yes, the old firm of "Newberg and Brickman" goes on. We're going to do *Cyrano* as a musical for Adolf [*Broadway producer David Merrick*]. There's a script—a French play—and Leslie, who's wanted to do it for 12 years, has already marked where the songs should go. Christopher Plummer, it says here, will be Cyrano.

**Q: *Cyrano* is going to be a big, lavish musical, I gather. Very different from the previous two productions?**

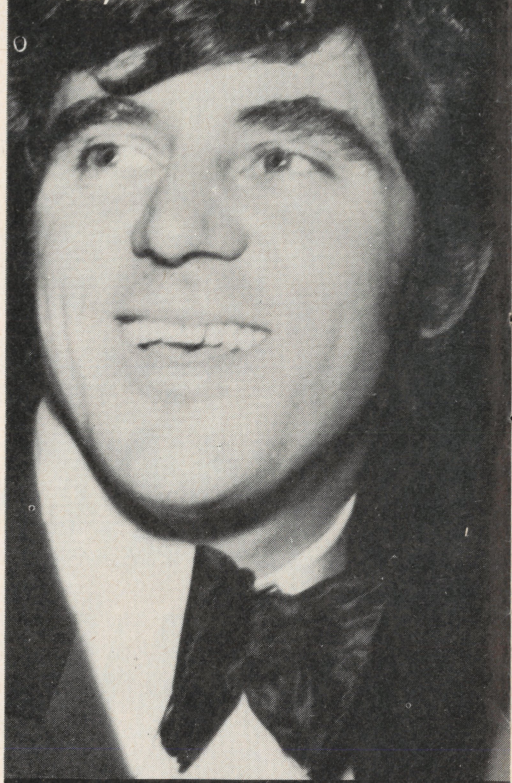
A: We've had a great deal of support from many people, but it does get very lonely being *avant-garde* theatre. We'd love to write lovely, lavish musicals, and there are so many scripts waiting to be made into musicals. Besides, the money is only in the music and lyrics. We can do a score in four weeks; a script takes us six weeks of blood, sweat and tears. Never again.

**Q: How do "Newberg and Brickman" collaborate, in fact?**

A: Leslie arrives at 10.30 a.m., and we just work through until 5 p.m. I lie on the couch. With my feet higher than my head I'm in direct contact with the gods. He does the typing; I do the talking to the gods.

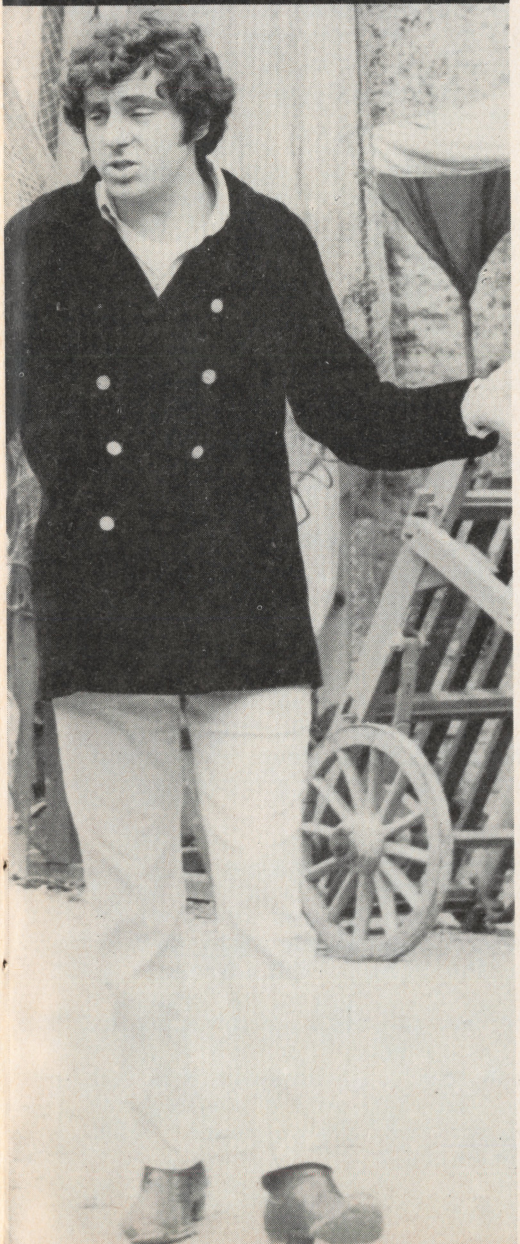
**Q: And the songs?**

A: Difficult to explain. A split job, but a wholehearted collaboration. I tend to be the more musical and Leslie is probably



**Tony and Joan Newley.**

**Newley—*Dr. Dolittle* style—with young co-star William Dix.**



the best lyricist in the western world. He writes the words and I do the music. And our success, I think, is that—as we can't read or write a note of music—we write songs that are easy to sing.

**Q: Talking of songs, what's the latest tally on** *What Kind Of Fool Am I?* **recordings?**

A: Only *White Christmas*, I believe, has been more recorded than *Fool*. We've had something like 200 separate recordings—unheard of. By everybody except Big Frank. And he never will do it.

**Q: And how's your main pal in The Clan—Sammy Davis, Jnr.?**

A: Sammy, I haven't seen for a long time. He mystifies me, he really does. His career is going off at a very odd tangent; he's still running really. We're old enough now to know that what it looks like from the outside is never how it is on the inside, so what Sammy's struggle is, we'll probably never know. He's the straightest man I know; guileless, no side—a straight madman.

**Q: Who else impresses you in show business?**

A: Over here, I suppose my god, Olivier, impresses me for reasons which won't be obvious. It's kinda wild the way he has refused the Olympian approach . . . he has literally thrown himself into the 60's theatre. "*Right*," he says, and rolls up his sleeves, "*I'm going to play all the big parts, I'm going to run this and I'm going to be about on the scene. If there's anything happening I want to be there.*" That's incredible. He's a giant, giant man. Humble, sweet, gentle.

**Q: Anyone else?**

A: Well, I'm a professional and I like professionals. But as you know, the pros have taken a bit of a beating recently. There's really no point in being a professional any more, because of the immediacy of entertainment today. The public wants it NOW —not in ten years time. Real professionalism means time—as simple as that. Barbra Streisand is an enigma. She's a genius. But she's not a professional. Barbra's been in this business 25 minutes as of now. A genius. But she ain't no pro.

**Q: Let's get back to you. Where do you hang your hat these days?**

A: We don't really have a home and there's no chance that we will have one in the next few years. We're sorely tempted to buy a house in California—our life there is divine. But it's beautiful here, too. Except for the tax. Britain is unkind, almost spiteful to anyone earning more than £5 a week. Suddenly we're the enemy.

And we tried the Switzerland thing—The Tax Route. We hated it. So I said: *Nothing's worth it even if we save 5s. in the £; it's not worth it.* To be perfectly fair, we probably chose the wrong canton—St. Moritz. Terribly chic, about four foot square and you have to be careful where you sit at dinner. Because there's a princess, there's you and there's a king and then a prince. Then there was nothing to do but ski. And neither Joanie [*wife Joan Collins*] or I ski.

**Q: How's the life in California?**

A: P-r-e-t-t-y nice living! It's only village life around the pump. Great! As long as you can escape to Europe now and then where the real work is being done.

**Q: Which brings me neatly to some work you didn't do . . . Why didn't you film your first show,** *Stop The World—I Want To Get Off*, **as you always told me you would?**

A: I wish I had. But one can't go through one's life doing it. I planned to do it with the Broadway company; shooting from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., then doing the show at night as well. Arthur Jacobs and Jerry Hellman hawked the idea around the big studios like Fuller brush salesmen. Couldn't give it away. *Too Special. Who does he think he is, wanting to direct?* So we gave up all hope. Then when I was in *Greasepaint*, along came that weird travelling salesman of a producer called Bill Sargent. But I turned down his offer to direct and star in it. Now I hear it hasn't been terribly successful as a movie. It was taken off here, right?

**Q: What in your opinion went wrong?**

A: Well, I must say, I haven't seen it. But with all due respect to director Philip Saville and everyone concerned, it did need a special treatment. You can't film *Stop The World* like a TV play. The very thing that got it off the ground in the first place was a weird mixture of personality and individual approach. Kinda fresh. The film needed that approach and, of course, it didn't get it. Now I wish I had done it. I should have—that's the awful thing. But I was up to my neck in *Greasepaint* and hating it, too.

**Q: Really?**

A: One has to produce, direct, write and the rest. But not all at the same time. I think my performances suffered in both shows because I was so deeply involved [*he directed both shows*]. I don't regret having done them. But never again. Now, for instance, in *Dr. Dolittle*, where I'm only an actor, I'm having a ball.

**Q: Even so, I'm positive you've a film up your sleeve somewhere?**

A: Yes, more than anything right now, I want desperately to be a film director. I'm free in the summer and then I'll make that movie I've wanted to do for about ten years.

**Q: What's that**—*The Boy On The Wall*?

A: No, but funny you should say that. Or even remember it . . . I dug out the *Boy* script recently. Boston University keep all my papers, you see. They ask small luminaries and budding writers to send in their manuscripts and anything connected with their life, and they keep it in a big library. Anything! They've got my old diaries, school reports—you have to use your loaf; I don't send love-letters!

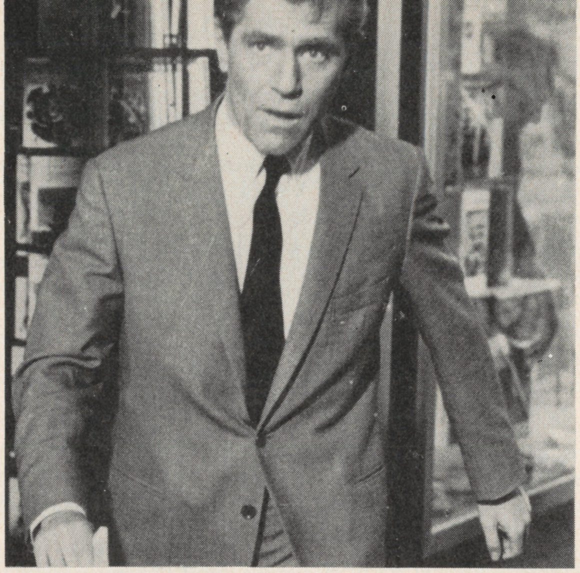
**Q: Sounds a fine idea.**

A: It is. If I want anything, I just go to Boston. And so I read *Boy On The Wall* there the other week—our movie version of *Pilgrim's Progress*. Reads like a sermon now . . . a wee bit far out, and rather long-winded. We'll never make it now.

**Q: What will you make then?**

A: Provisionally it's *The Testament Of Heronymous Markin*. A wild, phantom, movie along the Carmel coast which is earth-shattering and breathtaking. A series of images. Difficult to communicate them to you. I want to get back to the visual strength of cinema; too many movies today are written like plays. I'm no writer, so I'd adore to make this film full of visual impact, using the whole daring range of tricks. Very individualistic, very personal and, I hope, funny.

**TURN to page 36**



**Ivan Foxwell's *The Quiller Memorandum* is an exciting and fast-moving thriller but it asks a frightening question . . .**

# HOW SERIOUSLY SHOULD WE TAKE THE NEO-NAZIS?

WHEN Ivan Foxwell decided to make a film of Adam Hall's unusual best-seller, *Berlin Memorandum*, he knew that for his production to make its full impact, he would need an equally unusual script.

"I want to make a thriller," he explained. "But a thriller with a difference."

The result is *The Quiller Memorandum*. The man responsible for the script is that talented writer, Harold Pinter.

He has succeeded in the tricky task of translating Hall's book to the screen. The film is fast-moving and tremendously exciting. It is not only Pinter, however, that Foxwell has to thank for its success. Credit must also go to the brilliant directorial work by Michael Anderson and a cast which hardly puts a foot wrong.

*The Quiller Memorandum* is set in Germany. Its message is urgent; its theme startling. The question it poses: How seriously should we take the stories of resurgent Nazi groups in present-day Germany? Although the film may be described as a thriller, it sets about answering the question in a frank and frightening manner.

Secret Agent Quiller (George Segal) is on holiday when Pol (Alec Guinness), his British boss, contacts him. Two agents, sent to run to earth the leader of a new Nazi movement, have been murdered and now Pol wants Quiller to carry on the dangerous mission.

"They're quite a tough bunch," says Pol. "Nazis from top to toe. They're not just the remains of the old lot. Quite a bit of new blood. Youth. Very dangerous."

Pol doesn't underestimate the tough assignment he is handing out. He knows the new Nazis don't wear brown shirts. Neither do they wave Nazi banners. That man sitting next to you in the train could be a member . . .

However, one thing he does know is that the Nazis have a base in Berlin and it is here that Quiller becomes enveloped in the danger and intrigues of his vital task.

He is given a lead: a German newspaper cutting headed "School teacher, a former Nazi, arrested." Visiting the school where he worked, he meets Inge (Senta Berger).

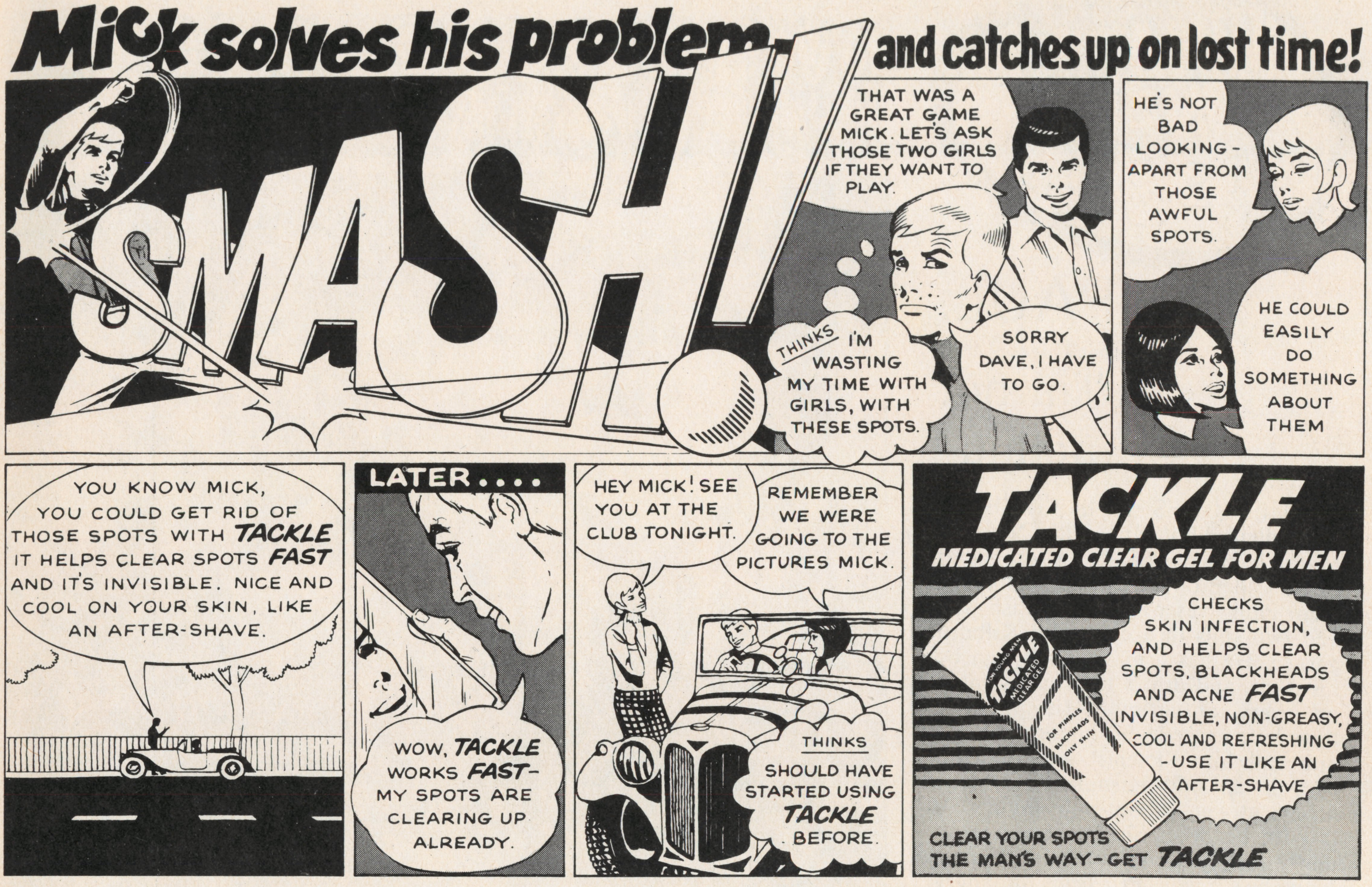
Can she help him? Quiller hardly has time to find out before he is kidnapped by the very men he is seeking. And soon he is face to face with their leader, a sinister-looking character called Oktober (Max von Sydow).

Oktober wants information from Quiller concerning his Control and Codes and he isn't handing out sweets to get it. The interrogation that follows is one of the most harrowing ever to be screened.

Quiller survives this experience but it's not the end of his problems. The Nazis are hard on his heels . . .

Michael Anderson directs this intriguing story with a touch of brilliance. In creating the atmosphere so necessary to a film of this kind, he is helped tremendously by the Berlin locations which he uses to the best possible advantage.

Segal, as Quiller, is excellent. He proves, once again, that he is America's brightest new star. He is superbly supported by Senta Berger who, as a candidate for the very top, is coming along well, and Max von Sydow who is marvellously menacing as the Nazi leader. And, of course, there's Guinness. Small as his part is, he makes it count in a film that is exciting—and important.


Mick solves his problem – and catches up on lost time!
SMASH!
THAT WAS A GREAT GAME MICK. LET'S ASK THOSE TWO GIRLS IF THEY WANT TO PLAY.
THINKS I'M WASTING MY TIME WITH GIRLS, WITH THESE SPOTS.
SORRY DAVE, I HAVE TO GO.
HE'S NOT BAD LOOKING - APART FROM THOSE AWFUL SPOTS.
HE COULD EASILY DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM
YOU KNOW MICK, YOU COULD GET RID OF THOSE SPOTS WITH TACKLE IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST AND IT'S INVISIBLE. NICE AND COOL ON YOUR SKIN, LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE.
LATER....
WOW, TACKLE WORKS FAST- MY SPOTS ARE CLEARING UP ALREADY.
HEY MICK! SEE YOU AT THE CLUB TONIGHT.
REMEMBER WE WERE GOING TO THE PICTURES MICK.
THINKS SHOULD HAVE STARTED USING TACKLE BEFORE.
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL FOR MEN
CHECKS SKIN INFECTION, AND HELPS CLEAR SPOTS, BLACKHEADS AND ACNE FAST INVISIBLE, NON-GREASY, COOL AND REFRESHING -USE IT LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE
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*He is 20 and a Lance Corporal in the Royal Engineers serving with the 19th Infantry Brigade.*

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# WHAT'S NEW With Singers?

# MUSICALS

## PAUL:

(that's his concert!)

## "I'm not acting"

**P**AUL JONES is the ex-Oxford student who sang with Manfred Mann, left to go solo and was replaced by an Old Etonian who looks like his twin. Paul lives with his Scottish wife and two sons in a converted Kilburn garage. He has a giant CND sign by his door, and draws the same symbol on every autograph. His publicity boys love to stress his intellectual side and call him "Pacifist and Singer". This is an odd misnomer, for he's always at war—about pop singing.

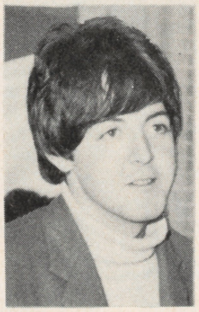
With his wife, Sheila, he wrote an angry TV play about pop singers. Now he's made *Privilege*, an angry film on a similar tack. The production marks the first full feature by Peter Watkins, who knows a thing or two about pacifism and anger since the BBC banned his harrowing TV film, *The War Game*.

Jones is often blamed for biting the hand that feeds him. But then he's not the usual pop-type. He admits to being conceited, and craving the limelight, yet hates the adulation. He puts up with it for various reasons—"money coming third". He says: "My talent is limited musically and I'd say my acting talent is non-existent. People amaze me by saying my appeal is sexy. I consider myself just a cheeky grin. So my strength lies in projecting myself; I'm just hoping to get away with it."

In the film, he plays Stephen Shorter, a pop singer of the '70s. "However exaggerated, it's a story based on today's truth," says Paul. "By the end, I'm trying to convert my fans to Christianity. And all the time I have to show I hate all the managers, agents, PR men and promoters in this business. People say how good I am in these scenes. Believe me, I'm not acting them."

Before filming began, director Watkins attended a Jones performance. "He was horrified at the crowd, and is making them ten times worse in the film," says Paul. "Believe me, if it comes off, it'll be so realistic you'll choke."

## Now its Stones vs.



'Stones? We've nothing against them. I hope their film turns out well.'

**M**ICK JAGGER hates musicals, romance, slapstick and Westerns. When he goes to a cinema it is to see "sick" comedies and spooky Hitchcock thrillers; Elvis Presley movies give him a pain in the neck.

PAUL McCARTNEY is almost the same. He also goes wild about Sellers, quite likes Cary Grant, and isn't so savage about El. Bring up the name and he'll trace an invisible square in the air.

Mark well the tastes of these giants of the pop world because they are the names behind two of the biggest British films set to come your way in 1967—the Rolling Stones' *Only Lovers Left Alive*, and the Beatles' long-awaited follow-up to *Help* and *Hard Day's Night*.

For the first time ever it's going to be a case of Beatles v. Stones, at the cinema box-office—and in the headlong clash, one of them is going to come off second-best.

Don't ask me which. The choice facing the fans: Marx Brothers' fun-and games from the Beatles; moody dramatics from the Stones.

Whatever happens, the Rolling Stones are determined not to water down their chosen film style for *Only Lovers Left Alive*.

As Mick Jagger told me at rehearsals: "It's going to be an 'X' thing. A lot of the kids who buy our records won't be

# '67 STYLE

## JULIE

**(with Mary Tyler Moore)**

## makes amends

THE trouble with Julie Andrews is—she doesn't make enough musicals. Producers, with musical properties heavy in their hands, say this. So do the fans queueing up for the umpteenth time to see *Mary Poppins* or *The Sound Of Music*.

And they're right, of course. Why ISN'T Julie in *Camelot?* After all, she was the original star of the Broadway show. Why DID she turn down the musical version of *Goodbye Mr. Chips*? She has her reasons and overwork is the main one. Even so, it seems a great shame that the girl who, almost alone, revived screen musicals, should now make so few herself. A quick look at her amazing film career will tell you that of her five film hits in three years, only two were musicals.

She is, however, about to make amends. Her new film, although not a full-blown musical, gives her a chance to sing on the screen again. The film, described as a "comedy with music", is *Thoroughly Modern Millie* and it also stars James Fox, John Gavin, Carol Channing and, in her much-awaited screen debut, Dick Van Dyke's delightful TV wife, Mary Tyler Moore.

Advance reports certainly make the production sound a definite winner. "I'm delighted with the whole thing," says Julie. "Millie is a very modern thinking miss—modern as far as the 1920s are concerned anyway. She's a flapper, of course. Why, she even smokes! She goes to New York to become a secretary, but with much more than notebooks on her mind. She wants to find an agreeable and eligible boss—and then marry him!"

Although she has a few more dramas on her schedule, Julie also has a second musical planned. Titled *Star*, it is the story of Gertrude Lawrence, who was the Julie Andrews of her day. For Julie this production means a reunion with Robert Wise—who directed her in *The Sound Of Music*.

**TURN page**
**—for a "new"**
**CLIFF**

## Beatles-says JOHN MOSS

able to see it because they're under 16. I'm sorry about this; but that's the way it's got to be. The film has a controversial theme, and it's not one you can muck about with. If you do, it loses its point. You've got to take it or leave it.

"I'm not saying the story hasn't been changed for the screen. One of the boys, Keith Richards, thought the original book—by Dave Wallis—should be brought up to date. It was written in 1963.

"You could say it's just the idea we've bought: millions of old people in Britain die off, and the teenagers take over the country."

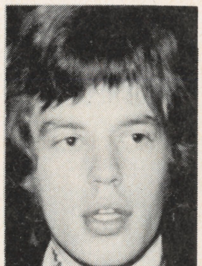
He paced up and down, holding on to his copy of the script.

"The Beatles? You wouldn't catch me dead in the sort of film they make. Don't think I'm knocking them. I didn't catch *Hard Day's Night*, but I saw *Help*. It was good—of its type.

"That kind of thing just wouldn't appeal to the Stones. Call it image if you want. People think of us as being more serious—all right then, rude! Anyway, it wouldn't go if we started frolicking about."

The Rolling Stones won't be seen as a group in their first film and the Beatles have also decided to drop the "togetherness" in their new production.

**TURN page**



'Beatles? You wouldn't catch me dead in the sort of film they make.'

# CLIFF -with strings attached

THERE are two Cliff Richards on view this month. The top pop star romances Viviane Ventura and searches for the missing Atom-bomb in the *Finders Keepers* comedy—and his "son", Cliff Richard Jnr., performs with great skill as a 21st Century singing sensation in *Thunderbirds Are Go!*

In both cases, Cliff is accompanied by the inseparable Shadows. Though, of course, it is today's stars who sing and play in both films.

Naturally, Cliff and the boys were delighted when the *Thunderbirds*' producers, Gerry and Sylvia Anderson, asked permission to present them in puppet form. And like any other privileged visitors to the mini-world to be seen at the Andersons' Century 21 Studios in Slough, they were much intrigued by the back-room secrets.

"It's like going into tomorrow's world," said Cliff after touring the seven stages, each fully equipped with the supermarionation gadgets. He saw sets no higher than three feet; a mini-wardrobe department (no mini-skirts for Lady Penelope—her joints would show!); video tape-recorders which enable director Richard Lane to see the just-completed scene with full dialogue; and a visual effects department, unrivalled in Britain, where models are always being blown up.

Just like the Tracy family, Lady Penelope, Parker and the others, Cliff Jnr. is only two feet tall. He also has several heads for different expressions. The cost of making him? £300!

They made Cliff Jnr. by first shaping his head in plasticine. Then it was finished in fibre glass from a mould of Salastomer rubber costing £1 per lb. Before a £40 wig and the eyes were added, and the face smoothed and oil painted, a special electronic gadget was inserted into the head. This gadget is rather like a brain because it enables Cliff to "sing" in perfect synchronisation with the pre-recorded voice.

So much for Cliff Jnr. But what of the Cliff with no strings attached? He told me he's very pleased with *Finders Keepers*.

"It's no dramatic epic by any means, but a lot of fun," he said. "There's no hidden message either. An Atom-bomb is lost in Spain and the Shadows and I get involved in the search. I know you don't usually get a laugh out of bombs but, well, the bomb is here so it's no good sitting around and moaning."

As far as his film career is concerned, Cliff says he's still keen to make pictures but he has great difficulty finding scripts which aren't rubbish.

"People never seem to worry about the story," he said. "All we get is a few songs and gags strung together on a weak idea. Mind you," he continued, "we don't want a gutsy, hard-hitting kitchen-sink-type musical. My manager, Peter Gormely, and I have been kicking around an idea with a collegiate theme but we still need the writers. While I am still young enough I'd like to play a student at college.

"The trouble is, I never seem to age," he added. "I've had my hair flicked up in an effort to make me look older but it doesn't work. It just makes me look different."

He's right, of course. Cliff Richard looks as young as Cliff Jnr.!

# Now it's Stones vs. Beatles

**FROM previous page**

Paul explained: "I reckon our script is a masterpiece of ingenuity. I ask you—how many people would have thought of casting all four of us as one bloke with a split personality? Owen Holder did.

"We'd been looking for a good film story for ages, and we'd got to the point where we wanted to throw it all in. We'd even got around to talking about a Western.

"Anyway, Owen Holder is the young guy who did the screenplay for *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*. Brian Epstein, Ringo and I went to see it at a private screening, and we thought it was great. We liked his work so we said: *Right, go ahead*."

John Lennon was unable to join in at this stage because he happened to be up to his neck in muck and bullets—playing an owlish private on the Spanish set of Dick Lester's *How I Won The War*. Paul also had a hard time fitting in the meeting because he had started writing the score for the Boulting Brothers' comedy, *All In Good Time*.

If anybody needs further evidence that the Beatles are becoming more involved in the film world, this is it.

Paul is probably the most cinema-minded of the four, although Ringo has his own sound projector and loves to sit at home night after night watching epics like *I Was A Teenage Werewolf* and *Lost City Of The Deep*!

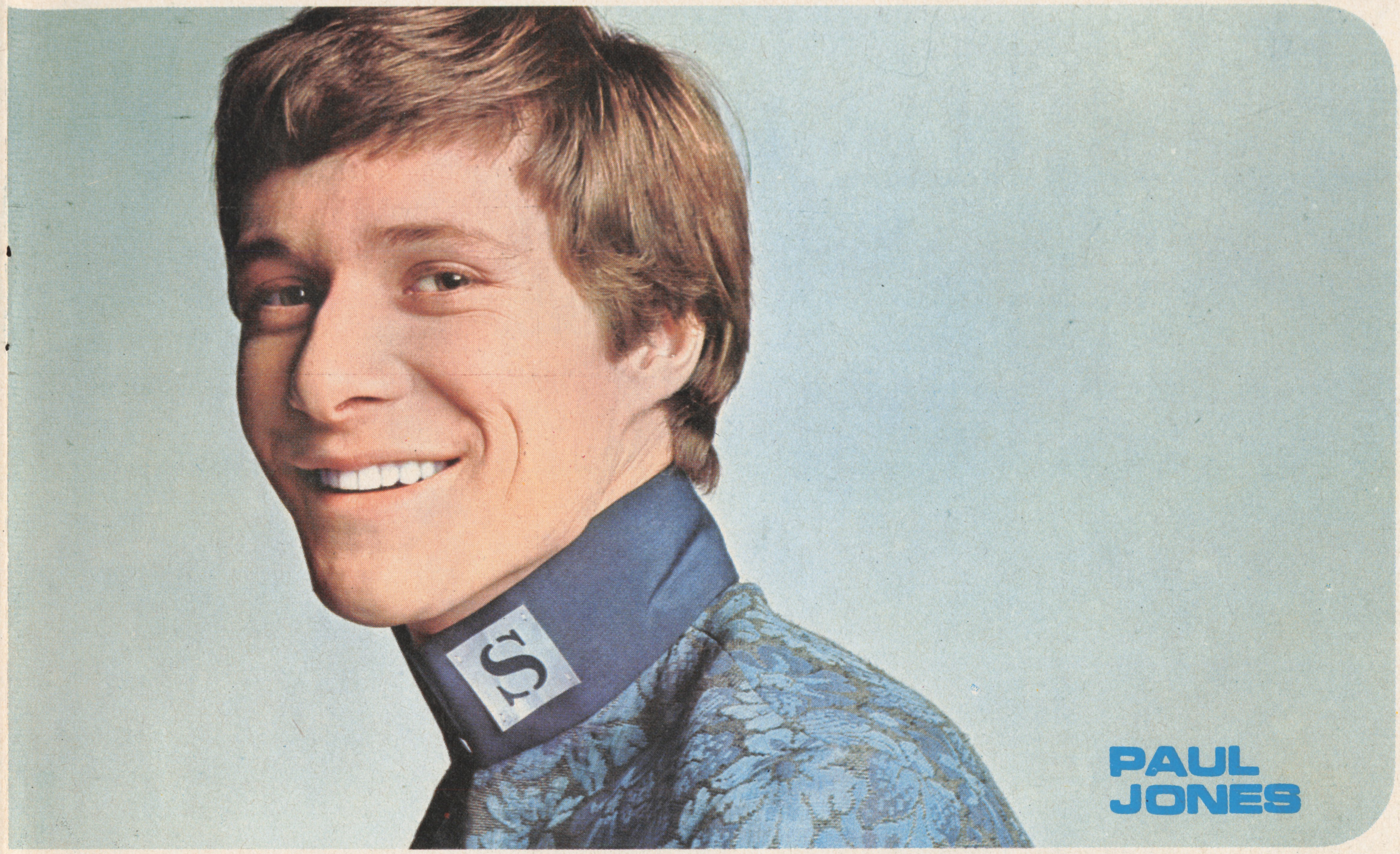
Paul told me: "Jane [Asher] and I go to most of the shows in the West End. You'd be surprised; I never seem to have any trouble by being recognised. I walk into the Plaza at Leicester Square and people think: *No, it can't be 'im*."

He refused to say much about the Rolling Stones' film project. "It's them, isn't it?" he shrugged. "We haven't got anything against them. I hope it turns out well.

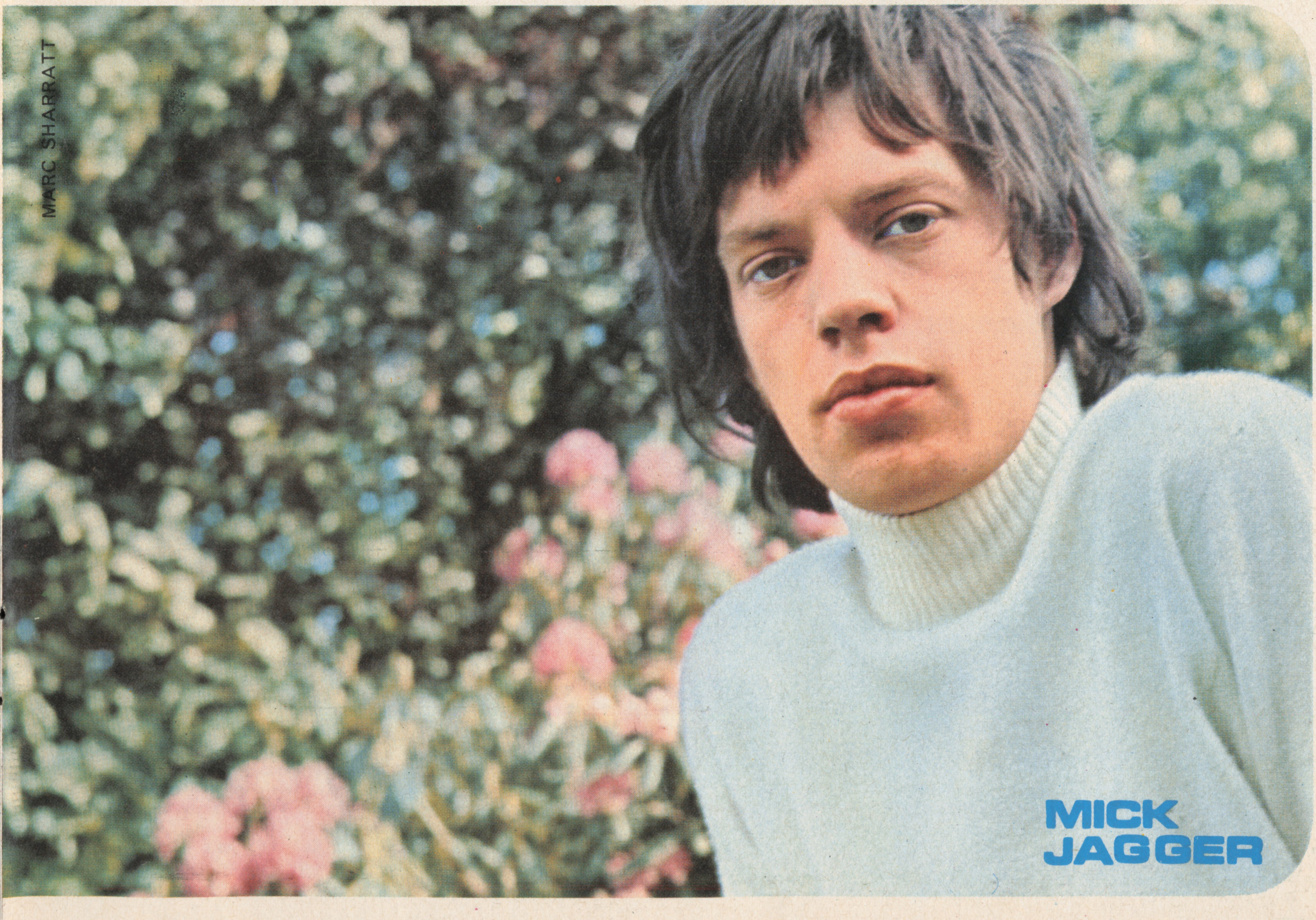
"I don't see us ever doing anything like it. Own up, who'd take us seriously doin' the heavy stuff? I wouldn't mind a solo film role doing a bit of light '*rome-arnce*', but I don't see it going any deeper."

*Hamlet* may be out for the Beatles, but they have fierce views about the kind of musicals they do make.

George Harrison told me: "We've always tried to be different in our films. I mean, you wouldn't get us prancing around in red shirts and tight pants, crooning soft songs like Cliff . . . That went out with Betty Grable."



**PAUL JONES**



MARC SHARRATT

**MICK JAGGER**

# FILMS a great ye

## WHAT'S NEW NEW TEAMS

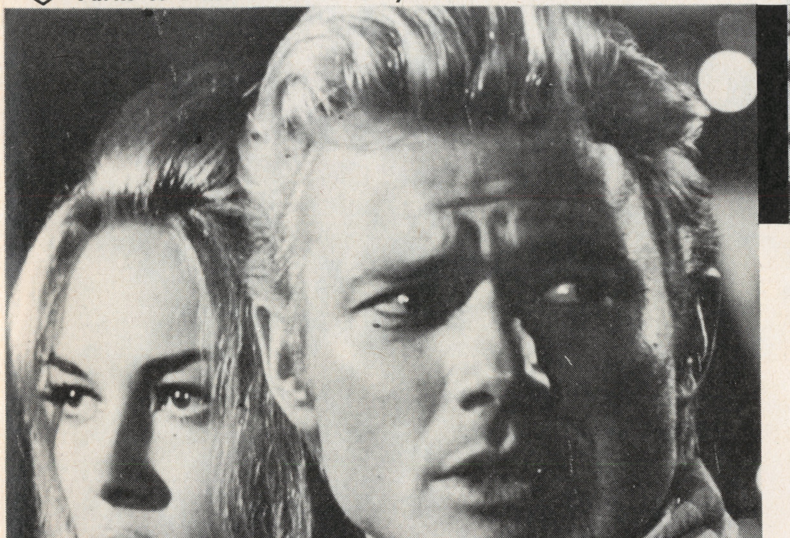
Director Stanley Donen puts his money on Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn in *Two For The Road*; about moods, manners and morals in a modern marriage. "Unorthodox? Never," he claims. "Audrey and Albie are very well suited and always in tune with each other's thoughts. I'm confident they'll be one of those rare screen couples." But not too rare; he hopes to team them again.

When Claudia Cardinale is kidnapped by Jack Palance's Mexican bandits, these are the men hired to rescue her: Burt Lancaster, expert con-man; Lee Marvin, expert shot; Robert Ryan, expert horseman; and Woody Strode, expert tracker. They are *The Professionals*.

# ar ahead!

**The best movie moments stem from the right magical chemistry in star teams: Mae West-Cary Grant; Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers; Doris Day-Rock Hudson; Sophia Loren-Marcello Mastroianni . . . The search for couples that work on screen, as well as on paper, goes on. Will any of these set the '67 fashion in screen-teams? Time will tell.**

**Michael Parks is already well known as half of the world's first team—Adam in *The Bible*. He gets his gang of thrill-seeking youngsters to kidnap Anthony Quinn in *It's What's Happening*. But Quinn has a unique proposition for them. Mike's girl? Faye Dunaway, a brightly sensuous newcomer from theatre and TV; she went straight from Mike Parks to Mike Caine in *Hurry Sundown*.** ⇩



⇧ **After seeing *The Ipcress File*, Shirley MacLaine joined the "I Like Mike" club and grabbed Michael Caine for her thriller, *Gambit*. Mike reports: "With big international stars, you usually have to pay—they're good, famous, big box-office and generally murderous to work with. Not Shirley. She's just as powerful, but pleasant, warm and very humorous. She treated me very well in that she didn't 'treat' me at all. We were just two people making a film—and I'd be willing to make another with her any time."**

**Here's a nice, homely scene. Dick Van Dyke and a new wife, Debbie Reynolds, passing the time of day in *Divorce—American Style*. The very idea of Dick lampooning broken homes does not fit in with his own very pure image. He explains: "Infidelity and divorce are too serious to be glib about. The French may be able to get away with their frothy farces, but in America you cannot be flippant about serious sins. The way to do it, and avoid all censor and religious troubles, is to deal with adult topics in a respectful adult way—and that's what we're doing . . ."** ⇨

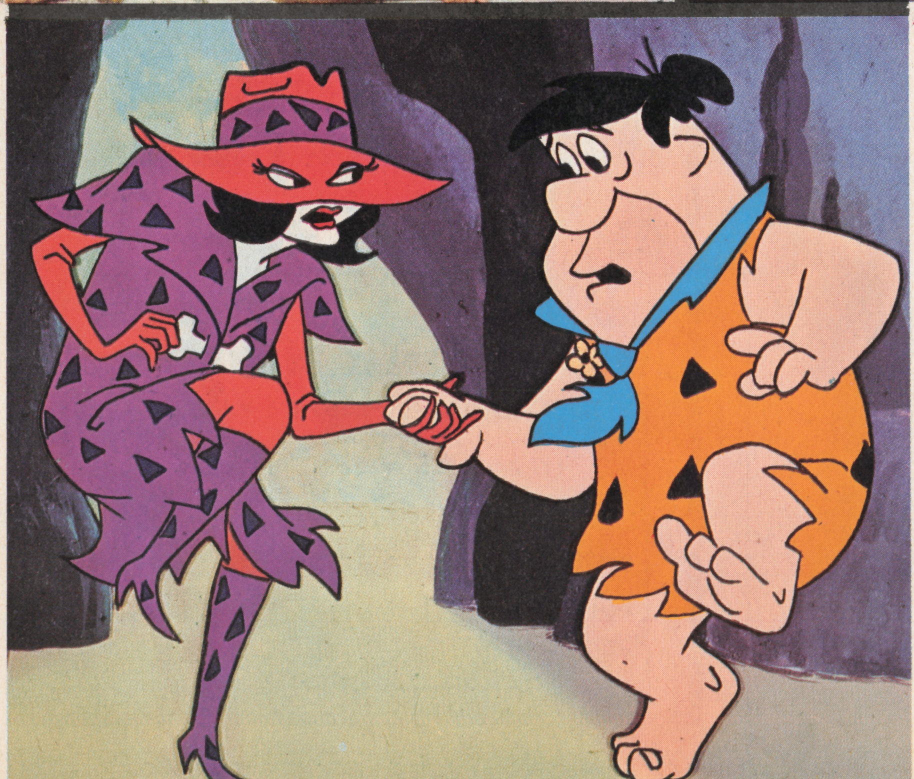
# NEW TEAMS
continued

A moment of quiet and romantic bliss for Steve McQueen and Candice Bergen—far from the gunfire and diplomatic fury along China's notorious Yangste River in 1926. The film? *The Sand Pebbles*—another all-star epic from *The Sound Of Music* man, Robert Wise. And for Candy, her first screen romance after her stunning debut in *The Group*.

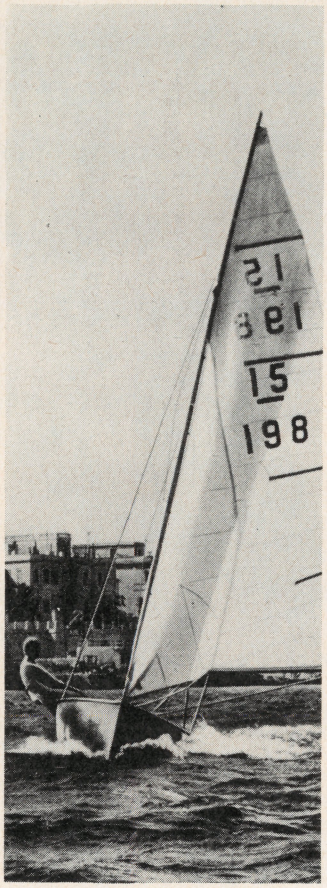
If there's one thing better than a romantic team, it's an eternal triangle. This is the trio from another '67 epic, *Hawaii*. Max Von Sydow is a Bible-thumping missionary, who has to marry to win a post in the Hawaiian isles. He chooses Julie Andrews, who agrees only because she's not heard from her loved one in two years. Suddenly she meets him again —Richard Harris as a tough whaling-skipper who aims to win her back.

Up to his old Bilko tricks, Phil Silvers provides the distaff side for most of the teams in Dick Lester's comedy, *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*—a madcap view of BC Rome. On display here are just three of Phil's fillies: Myrna White in the leopard skin, Lucienne Bridou and a lounging Helen Funai. Obviously, there's no place like Rome . . .!

One man in British history knew well the difficulties involved in finding the right girl to make a lasting team. That man was King Henry VIII. This is Robert Shaw, as the screen's latest Henry (thinner than usual), with Vanessa Redgrave as Queen No. 3, Anne Boleyn in *A Man For All Seasons*. The film is from Robert Bolt's superlative play about St. Thomas More. Vanessa would seem a perfect wife; she doesn't say a word!



Look out 007 & Co. You have yet another new rival: Fred Flintstone. In his big-screen debut, *A Man Called Flintstone*, our hero is commandeered into espionage because of his likeness to the famous agent Rock Slagg. Rock has been rolled by the villainous Green Goose and Fred has to cook the goose as it were. The villain's sexy partner, Tanya, has other ideas . . .



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# NEW TEAMS
continued

Meet Norman Wisdom as a wolf in cub-reporter's clothing. In his 12th Pinewood comedy, *Press For Time*, Norm' is a reporter for the *Tinmouth Times*, and by virtue of his mistakes, *makes* rather than writes the news. He also falls for fellow reporter Angela Browne—and who can blame him?

Another loving couple: Ursula Andress making her point felt, as women will, with Marcello Mastroianni. They team splendidly in an op-art science-fiction satire, in which Ursula sets out to make Marcello *The 10th Victim* in her "big hunt"—a game of legal homicide which takes the place of wars in the year 2000.

Finally—what must be the most surprising teaming of this or any other New Year. The sweet and demure Doris Day, and the rough and tumble Richard Harris, in the latest (and last, she says) Doris-style comedy, *Caprice*. Subject? Industrial espionage—where no one gets shot, but the thrills and the kisses are as steamy as in Bondland.

*MORE NEW TEAMS—NEXT MONTH*

DAVID JAMES

**BARBARA BOUCHET**
*who stars in CASINO ROYALE*

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# 1967

## SHOWTIME

# WORKING WITH BARDOT

FROM page 4

After that, Brigitte and I managed to get on well, although, I must confess, it is impossible to get to know this girl in the way one gets to know most stars when working as the publicity man on a film.

Brigitte can, if she so feels, put a sheet of ice between herself and the rest of the world. But I also found she can be warm-hearted, kind and thoughtful.

For nearly two hours she posed for photographers and answered questions. She never once lost her temper—not even when some of the questions became personal and led to her recent marriage to millionaire Gunther Sachs.

Typical of her retorts to such questions was one that never got into print. Someone asked Brigitte if, now she was married, she wanted to be known as Brigitte Bardot—or Mrs. Gunther Sachs ? Her reply, which amused the packed room, was: "What do you think the producer of *Two Weeks In September* would say if, above the credit titles, he had to put *'Starring Mrs. Gunther Sachs'*?"

All the time I worked with Brigitte, she gave only five brief personal interviews to newspaper columnists and they had to wait for days on end to get them. One columnist, who decided to get an interview with Brigitte at all costs, went to the London hotel where she was staying and gave a maid a bunch of roses to take up to the star's suite. Attached to the flowers was a note asking if she would see him.

The maid returned after a few minutes with a message from Brigitte saying that she was tired after her day's filming and did not want to be interviewed. Back went another message from the columnist: "*No interview, no flowers.*" The columnist left the hotel clutching the roses. I can only add it was a pity he gave up so quickly; I happen to know he'd have got his interview if he'd been more patient.

Of course, if you are Brigitte Bardot, you get dozens of people bursting in on your life. People she's never met come up without an introduction and try to engage her in long conversations.

On one occasion, when she was filming near North Berwick, a motherly looking Scottish lady approached her. I saw the famous Bardot ice-barrier begin to drop but, before the startled Brigitte could turn away, the lady had thrust a little Scottish good luck charm into her hand.

"For you, my dear—to bring you good luck," she said in a delightfully soft Scottish accent.

It was the only time I saw Brigitte disconcerted. For once, here was someone who didn't want something from her; someone who was actually giving her something without any ulterior motive. The ice look melted away and she impulsively kissed the lady on her cheek and thanked her warmly.

Gunther Sachs burst into our lives one evening, just before midnight, at the hotel where we were staying in Scotland. No one knew he was arriving—not even Brigitte.

He came crashing through the swing doors looking rather like a buccaneer of the 18th Century. A hugely built man with flowing hair and long sideboards, he clutched an umbrella in one hand and a tartan golf bag crammed with new clubs in the other. His trip was a whim of the moment and as I saw him climbing the stairs to her suite, I wondered what her reaction would be. Only that day she had said he would not be here while she was filming.

"*When I work, I work,*" she explained. "*When I love, I love.*"

Gunther Sachs is Brigitte's third husband and it was easy to see how he had swept her off her feet. I noticed that, although treating her with great respect and courtesy, he was very firm and I think Brigitte liked that. I believe she also liked his confidence and his strength of character for, despite her fame and wealth, I got the impression Brigitte is still a very insecure person; she needs someone to lean on.

During the weeks I worked with Brigitte, I learned she can have many moods. She can be very funny. She can be introspective. And she can get frustrated about the simplest things. I remember she was kept late at rehearsals one lunch time, and returned to find that the film crew had eaten all the Scottish savoury mince rolls (which she loves) and left only chops. That made her furious!

I also saw her terrified. She was filming on a path three feet wide between a cougar on one side and two roaring lions on the other. One slip off the white line which had been painted for her to stand on and she could have been mauled. It was a very tricky shot but, despite her fear, Brigitte completed it with minimum fuss.

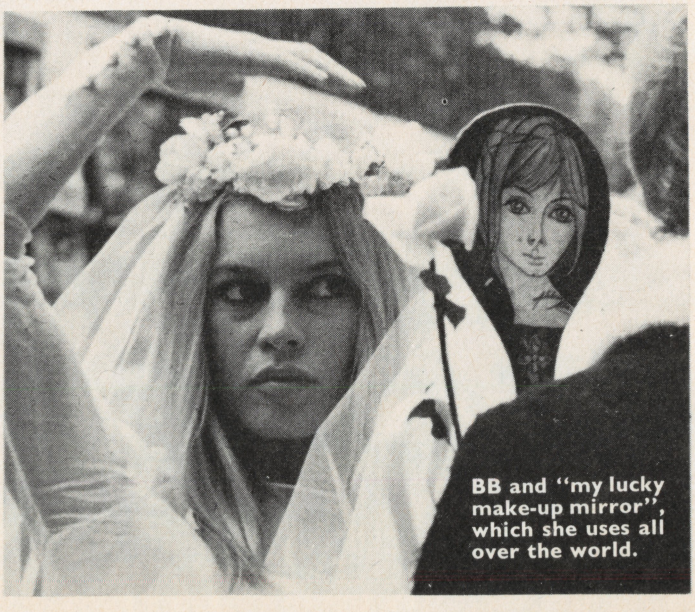
It was her professionalism showing through once again.

Another thing I learned about Brigitte is that, her films apart, she seldom wears clothes that a reasonably well-paid secretary couldn't afford. Even so, she loves beautiful gowns and the Pierre Cardin wedding dress she wore made a great impression on her.

I happened to be standing close to her when she was about to shoot one of the scenes in the dress and she looked sad.

"*Once I wore a wedding dress like this,*" she said wistfully. "*Then I was only eighteen.*"

People who do not know Brigitte Bardot may get the impression that she is a woman who has become hopelessly lost in her screen image and that her own character is completely gone. At some time in her career this was probably true—but today, at 32, Brigitte is very much a real person. For the first time, despite the insecurity which still lingers, she seems to know where she is going. She is level-headed and, I would guess, more sure of herself than ever before.



**BB and "my lucky make-up mirror", which she uses all over the world.**

# RAMONDO and the stars

**AQUARIUS**, *21st January to 19th February*
The buck is passed—to you. Suddenly you find yourself in the hot seat. Do not be too proud to seek advice, even from a younger person.

**PISCES**, *20th February to 21st March*
Don't be a stick-in-the-mud. Take a chance on an idea you have had for some time. Whether or not things go as planned, at least you can try.

**ARIES**, *22nd March to 20th April*
Arians can be much too impetuous and the early part of this year is not a good time for rash decisions or actions. Someone will be puzzled by your behaviour.

**TAURUS**, *21st April to 21st May*
Confetti and wedding bells—and they could be for you. But even if you are only an onlooker at the wedding, romance is in the air.

**GEMINI**, *22nd May to 21st June*
Beat it! Yes, whatever the problem, meet it head on and you can win through. Not the time for fading into the background. Come on out of your shell and demonstrate what you can do.

**CANCER**, *22nd June to 23rd July*
Get busy! Now is the time to lay the groundwork for changes at work or in the home. Things won't get moving for a while, but make intensive preparations.

**LEO**, *24th July to 23rd August*
Adventure comes your way, especially if you travel frequently. It could come in the form of an unusual proposition. A quick decision is called for.

**VIRGO**, *24th August to 23rd September*
Upside down—that's you this month. Plans get altered, people change their mind and your daily routine suffers. But try not to flap.

**LIBRA**, *24th September to 23rd October*
Keep flirtations light; someone will appreciate your attitude. Something important to your career is brewing; for housewives this could mean a change of home.

**SCORPIO**, *24th October to 22nd November*
Spare a thought for friends, especially if they are old or living alone. You will bring great pleasure if you can find time to chat—and to listen.

**SAGITTARIUS**, *23rd November to 22nd December*
Keep out of other people's affairs. You may be asked for your opinion or asked for advice. Don't give it or you will be blamed for the consequences.

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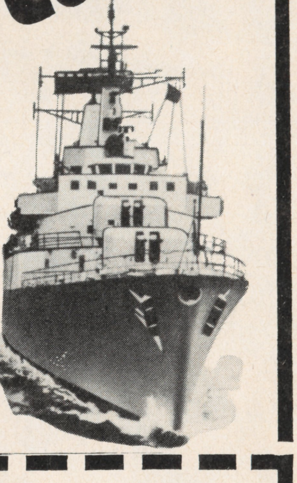

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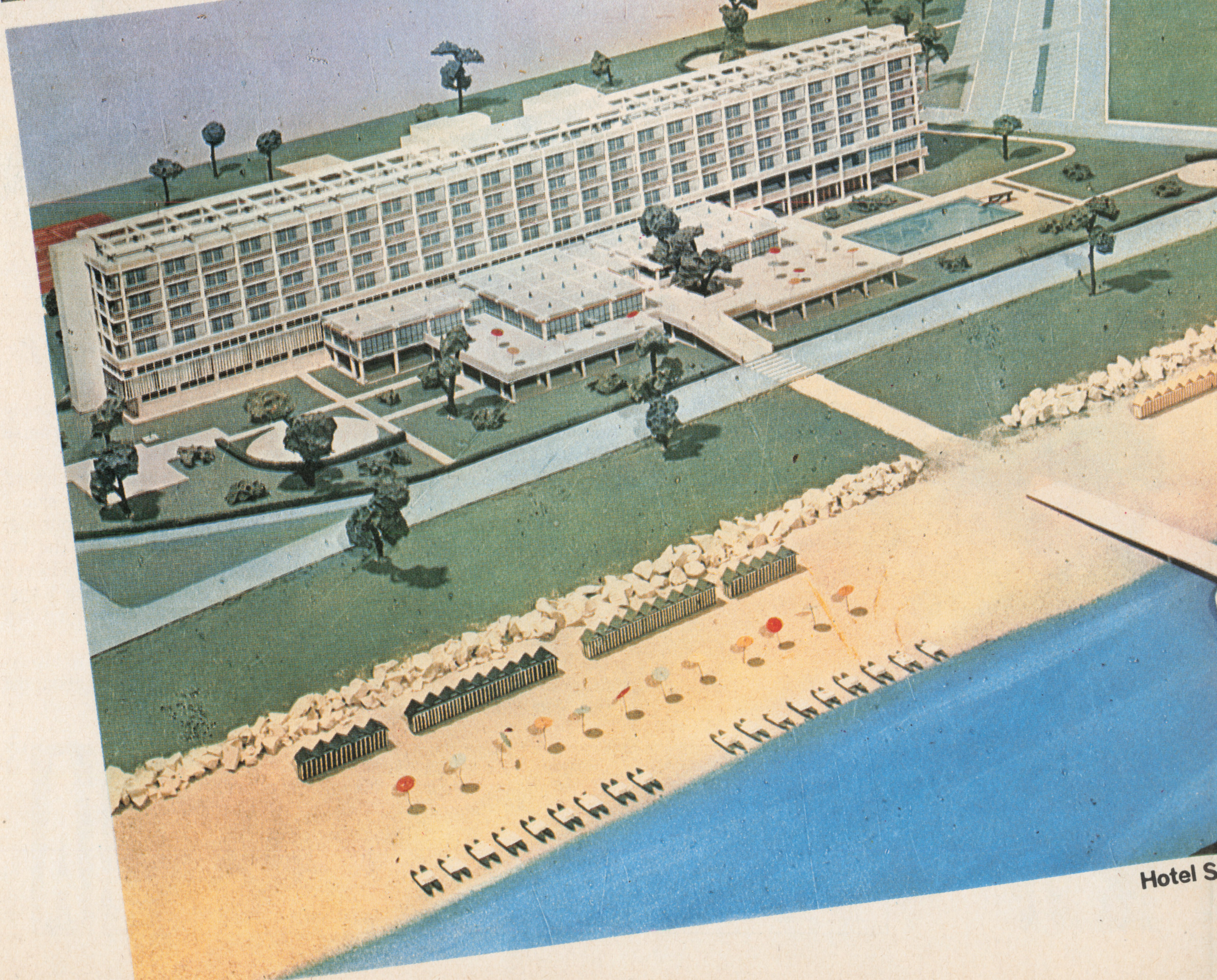

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For further details of these exciting holidays, please obtain a copy of the Lunn 1967 Programme from your local Travel Agent now. You will find full details of the Hotel Santa Christiana Beach on pages 10 and 11 of the Programme.

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TIP-TOP TIPS

Every year—indeed, every month—there is an impatient crop of new actors waiting, pleading, pushing for the Big Chance. A stab at stardom. Who will make it in 1967? Showtime's TONY CRAWLEY set up a prospectus-panel—with writers Guy Downes and John Kobal—to investigate possibilities. This is their report . . .

# THAT ЯUSSIAN WILL KEEP COMING

WHAT'S NEW In Stars?

The man who did for Russians what Peter Sellers did for Indians is now about to do for Sellers! Taking over the role which Pete etched so superbly for *The Pink Panther* and *A Shot In The Dark*, in a third comedy about the bumbling Parisian *flic*, Insp. Clouseau. This is something no one has yet dared—to take over not merely a Sellers film-role, but a fully-finished, much-applauded Sellers creation. Such gall, however, does not pall ALAN ARKIN.

"Acting is not a horse-race," he observes. "Whoever plays a part has to be judged on the part and not on who did it before. When they showed me the Clouseau script, I fell down laughing at it! Like the others, it's so hysterically funny and pointedly meaningless, which is why I'm doing it. Meaningless has a specific point to me, and I think Clouseau's ineptitude becomes tremendously aggressive. I guess that Sellers—marvellous in the others—didn't want to do a third. But I love the character and have a different way, I think, of doing him."

On top of this surprise casting, comes rumours that Arkin will play Fagin in the *Oliver* musical—a part long sought by Sellers. For the first time in his career, it seems, Sellers has an important rival. And Shirley MacLaine has both in *Woman Times Seven*—but not together. They'll work in different episodes, and the result should be most interesting.

I met the "American Sellers" on the stage of the Duke of York theatre in the West End, following a hard day's auditioning for a play he was to direct on Broadway. His producer, who was sitting out front, wants Arkin to direct a film next. "First things first," sighed Arkin, who's not about to become a success-slave. The only concern he expressed about stardom was that it won't last forever!

Oh no? Reviewing his debut in *The Russians Are Coming . . .*, Time magazine said he deserved "*an Oscar, a Lenin Peace Prize, or any other encouragement a wicked old world can offer*." Encouragement he certainly has via the new company of stage-film director Mike Nicholls (he "made" Arkin in *Luv* on stage, and the Burtons' *Virginia Woolf* film). Mike's Icarus Productions was formed so that such talented friends as Arkin, could "assert themselves." Says Alan: "That's fine with me—I'll take two."

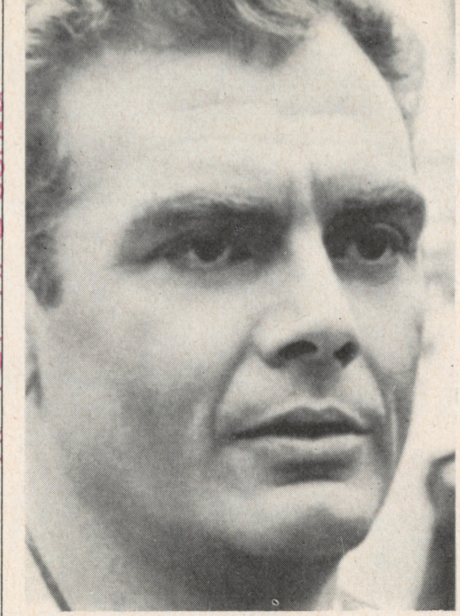
For a start, he's playing Yossarian in the much-awaited film of *Catch 22*—the Joseph Heller G.I. satire. "A part I'd hoped for very, very much. The book was genius—one of the most brilliant I've read."

Originally, Jack Lemmon was all ready for *Catch*; instead he's making *Luv*; and Arkin's previous stage hit, *Enter Laughing*, is also being filmed without him. "Well, the character is only 17. I was pushing it some when I did it at 29 . . .!" Missing these films of past achievements doesn't worry Arkin; "you have to go by feelings; be associated with what moves you."

Now 32, with dark crinkly-hair and sleepy eyes, Arkin is an actor, writer, composer, improvisational comedian, guitarist, folk-singer, pianist (he plays the fife, too!), photographer and family man (his wife) is actress Barbara Dana; and he has a son from his first marriage). But, he insists, not a comic.

"Being a comic means that one's primary obligation is to get laughs. I consider myself as an actor, obligated to move the audience in whatever way the script designates. If laughs are calfor, led then thats what' I do. If not, then not."

**Arkin and his No. I fan—his actress wife, Barbara Dana.**



Working hard at becoming a star—that's GUY STOCKWELL. He has just completed his eighth film within a year for Universal studios. A fantastic Hollywood record; and one without parallel in the company's 55-year history.

Studio contracts are rather old-hat in Hollywood these days, for a variety of reasons. Universal, however, is persevering with a group of youngsters, making stars for tomorrow by giving them plenty of experience today. And Guy, older brother ("some think I'm his father!") of Dean Stockwell, the ex-child star who rarely films these days, is benefitting the most. As his talent deserves.

Let's take stock of Stockwell. He started as Charlton Heston's brother in *The War Lord* and Rock Hudson's foe in *Blindfold*. Then a couple of fine featurettes, *The Plainsman* and *And Now Miguel*, before winning his star's spurs as *Beau Geste*. Next he'll turn up with Hudson again in *Tobruk* (incidentally Rock's last under his old contract which certainly made him a star!). Now Guy co-stars with Jill St. John in *Banning* and *The King's Pirate*.

For someone who learned to read by cueing his actor-father from scripts, Guy took his time about entering acting. "I was very disturbed by the kind of life Dean led as a child-star; I saw a lot of it, because I went to the MGM school with him, Liz Taylor and others. The little fellow was expected to behave like an adult in a business which, at best, has very few completely mature and adult people involved in it."

Guy himself waited until he was mature enough—after college, marriage, fatherhood, teaching, writing and painting. "Now I make my living by acting, so I must forgo the pleasure of being a God unto myself, and go back to being a working man."

## The girl from The Group . . . and the child-star's brother

The big surprise about JOANNA PETTET—tragic Kay of *The Group*—was not that her kilt was mini because it was a child's, but that this bright new Hollywood actress was really one of us. British and all that. Joanna was born in London and went to Canada with her mother just after the war, in which her father, an RAF fighter pilot, had been killed. "I was boutiquing the other day and suddenly found Cranley Mews, where we had our flat. Just seeing it reminded me of the decor, the carpets . . . everything."

During some ten hectic weeks in London—playing Mata Bond, illegitimate daughter of Sir James Bond and Mata Hari, in the 007-spoof, *Casino Royale*—Joanna had another splendid abode in St. John's Wood. A far cry from New York's tough East Side, where she lived while studying drama. "You could never walk home alone . . . 18 months after I left, a girl friend of mine was murdered there."

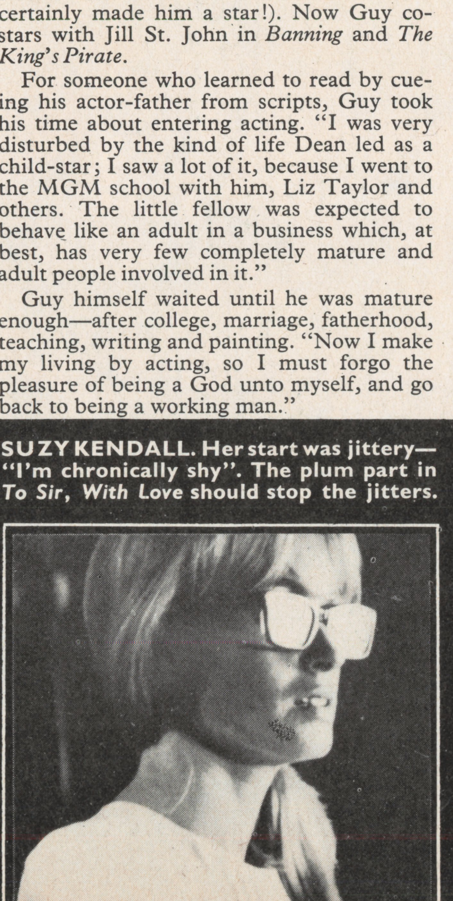
*The Group* was a film stuffed with eight actresses, who, so the stories went, fought like cats during shooting. "Quite untrue," said Joanna. "Still they had to have some kind of publicity . . . I mean, they couldn't write soppy things about how well we got on together, could they? And we did, very well. We're still friends. Not as thick as *The Group*, of course. I see many of them when I'm in New York, and Jessica Walter (Libby) is a dear friend of mine."

"I'd wanted to play Kay all the time. I knew the kind of girl she was. Someone very close to me was very ill . . . and I felt that I knew how to do it. [*That someone was Joanna's mother, who was emotionally disturbed for many years and died in a sanatorium.*] That part was so much like my mother . . . it was almost a cheat, I really wasn't acting . . ."

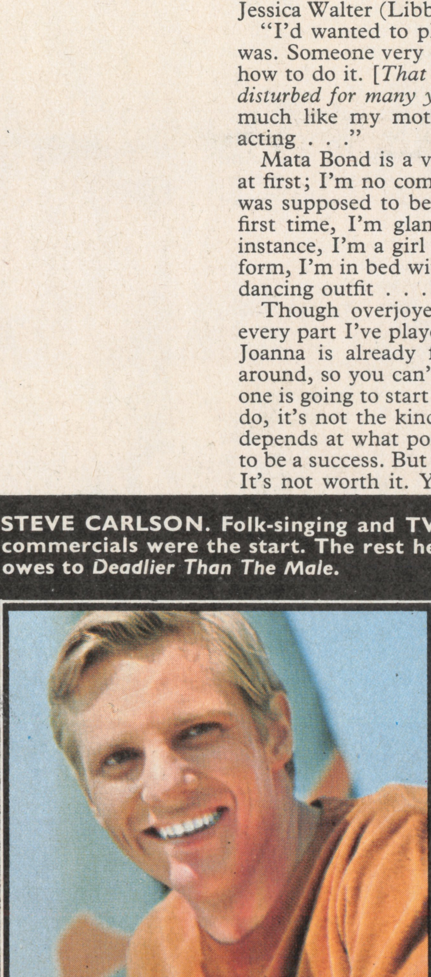
Mata Bond is a very different proposition to Kay. "Didn't want it at first; I'm no comedienne, and I heard only the bad times the film was supposed to be having! But it's so kookie, so wild. And for the first time, I'm glamorous in a film. In *Night Of The Generals*, for instance, I'm a girl in the German Army—only time I'm out of uniform, I'm in bed with Tom Courtenay. But you should see my *Casino* dancing outfit . . .!"

Though overjoyed at the way her career is going (I've wanted every part I've played, and they're all different so I'm not typecast"), Joanna is already finding stardom lonely. "You're always moving around, so you can't settle and establish any kind of relationship. No one is going to start one if you're off again in two months; even if they do, it's not the kind of relationship you really want. Marriage? It all depends at what point my career is. At the moment, I want so much to be a success. But I don't want to end up at 25, alone and successful. It's not worth it. You can't live alone. I can't anyway . . ."

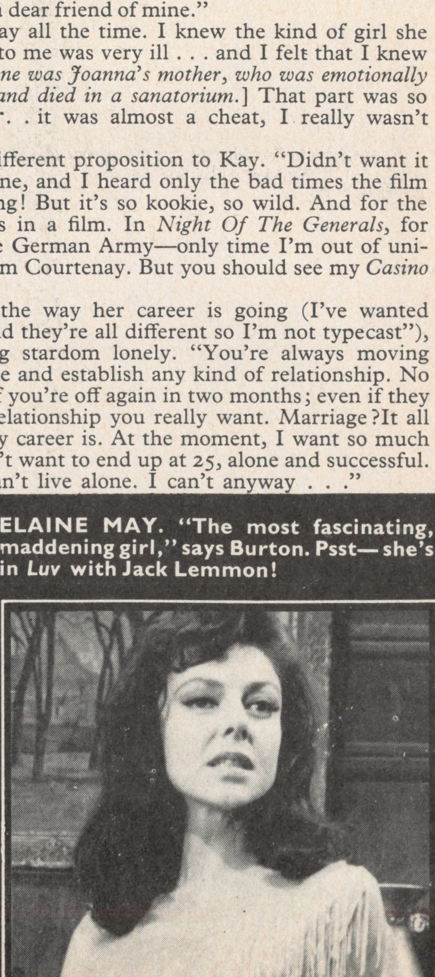
**SUZY KENDALL.** Her start was jittery—"I'm chronically shy". The plum part in *To Sir, With Love* should stop the jitters.



**STEVE CARLSON.** Folk-singing and TV commercials were the start. The rest he owes to *Deadlier Than The Male*.



**ELAINE MAY.** "The most fascinating, maddening girl," says Burton. Psst—she's in *Luv* with Jack Lemmon!



## Latest in a starry family . . . and the lad from Limehouse

When a famous director like Italy's Antonioni picks an English actor for a film, it's news. He picked **DAVID HEMMINGS** for *The Blow-Up*, after seeing the play, *Adventures In The Skin Trade*. Now Hemmings, with his *Blow-Up* co-star Vanessa Redgrave, is making *Camelot* in Hollywood. In all three projects, he replaced Terence Stamp. A former child-star with probably the finest naturalistic acting style in British films, Hemmings will soon need other actors to take over the films he cannot fit in . . .

"Yes, I'm a Londoner, born in Walthamstow; but I live out in the sticks at Croydon, and have a pad in Limehouse.

"I don't think I chose to become an actor. I was a singer with the English Opera Group. When my voice broke, I was offered a film, did it, and carried on from there. Looking back, it was the obvious thing to do. At 16, though, I found I had a reasonably mature—not a word I like to use—outlook on life, but a too-young face to go with it; I couldn't make the break between young juvenile leads and the younger leading men. Now I'm 25; I was married at 19, divorced at 22. Suppose I wanted instant maturity.

"I don't know Terry Stamp at all. From what I read I'm sure we'd get on very well, though. Would be marvellous if we did a film together, playing twins or something, because we do look alike. I'd like to have done *Modesty Blaise*. Least, I wouldn't now, after seeing it.

"Will I like public recognition? That's why we're in the business. I also want my privacy. An actor wants everything! I mean, I don't mind if I get surrounded by autograph-hunters when I go down to the fish and chip shop . . . so long as I get me chips as well."

She's set now to become the biggest "surprise" film discovery since Rita Tushingham—her great friend. Let James Mason explain why: "I usually let it go by saying my leading ladies are beautiful and charming—but Lynn has much more."

She is **LYNN REDGRAVE**, of course. Alias *Georgy Girl*, the sensitive, plain, yet delightfully gawky young virgin. A brilliant Oscar-class portrait, which showered even more laurels on the distinguished theatrical Redgrave family. For Lynn is the younger daughter of Sir Michael Redgrave and Rachel Kempson (who had the rivetting cameo of Mason's wife in the same film); the sister of Vanessa and Corin Redgrave.

But—and here's the ironical point—Lynn wouldn't have stood a chance of getting the plum *Georgy* role, if her face and figure had shaped up to the more usual glamour girl lines. "I had no such problems, for I'm not the beauty contest type," she confesses.

In fact, the gentle, and enormously likeable Lynn has an attractiveness, charm and soft beauty that is rare among modern actresses. It's not only her above-average height (5 ft. 10 ins.) that makes her stand out in a crowd . . . the ugly duckling of *Georgy Girl* is quite a swan in real life.

"Every morning at the studio, I had to undergo a real 'deglamourising' process," recalls Lynn. "Exactly opposite to what normally happens . . . Not that I'm particularly 'glam' in the first place! But I remember saying to visitors on the set: *I don't really look like this, you know!*"

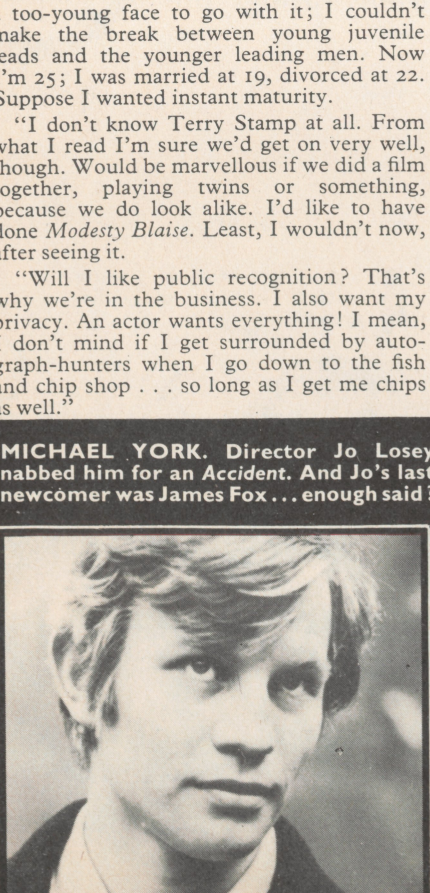
A comparative newcomer to films, she has yet to enjoy the thrill of being photographed in fashionable, eye-catching dresses. She was a disreputable, grubby barmaid in her debut, *Tom Jones*; as Rita Tushingham's madcap friend in *The Girl With Green Eyes* she wore just a couple of plain, cheap dresses; and for her brief cameo in her next film, *The Deadly Affair*, she's the clumsy general dogsbody of a provincial repertory company in *Georgy*-like old jeans and sweater again!

"I pity the first producer who casts me in a relatively well-dressed part," laughs Lynn. "I'll run his budget up to the skies!"

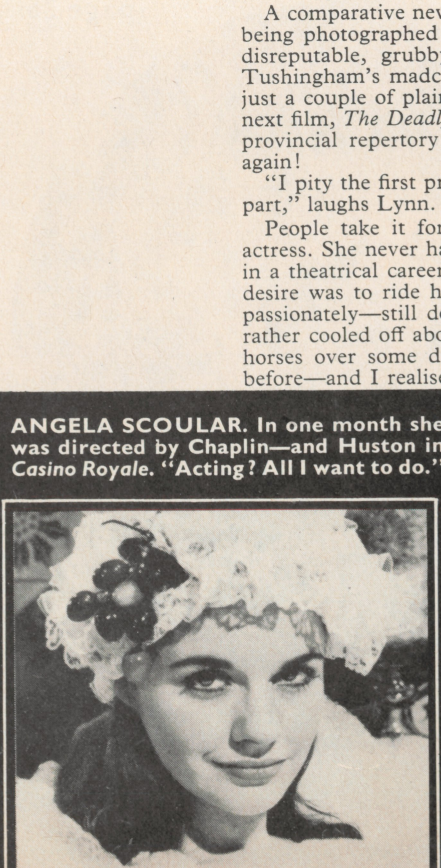
People take it for granted that Lynn—being a Redgrave—is an actress. She never has. "I was the one Redgrave who had no interest in a theatrical career," she says. "From the time I was six, my only desire was to ride horses and be a top equestrienne. I loved horses passionately—still do—and practised jumping for hours each day. I rather cooled off about it as a career when I jumped some really big horses over some difficult obstacles. I'd never tried the 'big stuff' before—and I realised that I wasn't so keen!"

TURN to page 46

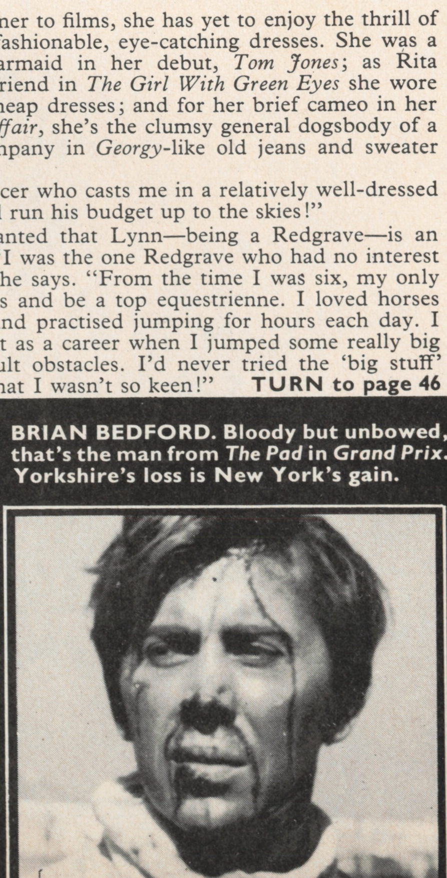
**MICHAEL YORK.** Director Jo Losey nabbed him for an *Accident*. And Jo's last newcomer was James Fox . . . enough said?



**ANGELA SCOULAR.** In one month she was directed by Chaplin—and Huston in *Casino Royale*. "Acting? All I want to do."



**BRIAN BEDFORD.** Bloody but unbowed, that's the man from *The Pad* in *Grand Prix*. Yorkshire's loss is New York's gain.

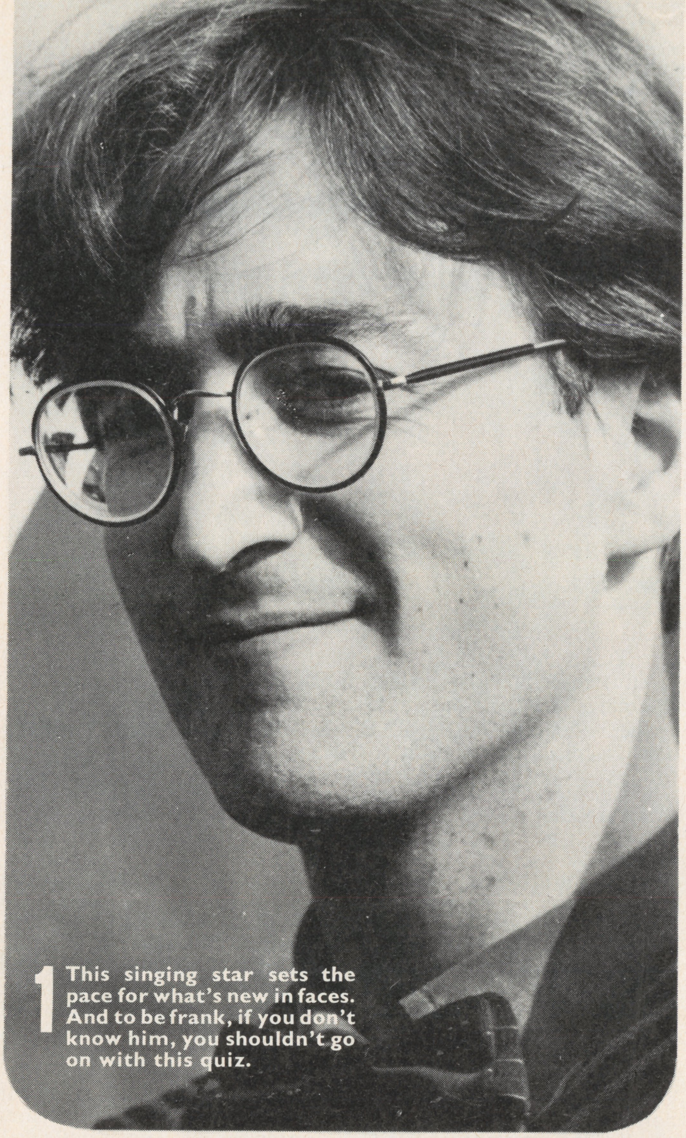


# CAN YOU

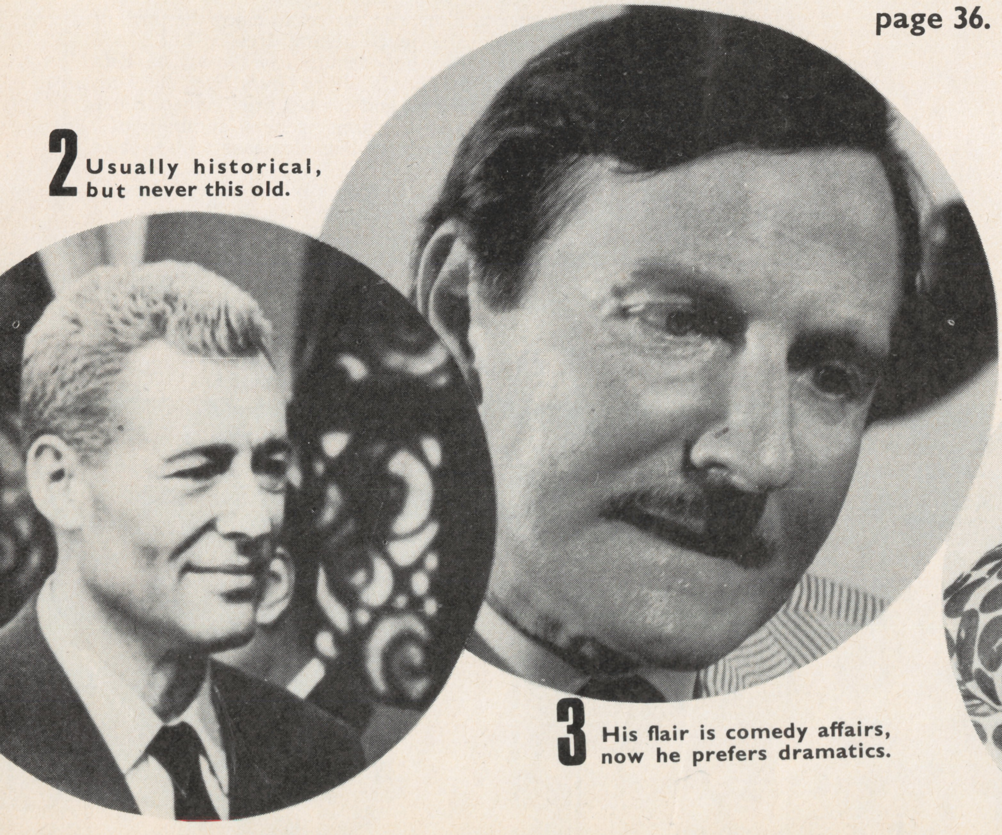
## FAMILIAR FACES WITH AN UNFAMILIAR LOOK

**Many a familiar face is taking on a strange new look for the future, as make-up men are having the time of their inventive lives. And the stars? They tend to relish such departures into anonymity. Here's a selection of the New Year's new faces. See how many you can identify. Check your findings, your scores and your ratings on page 36.**

WHAT' NE
In faces

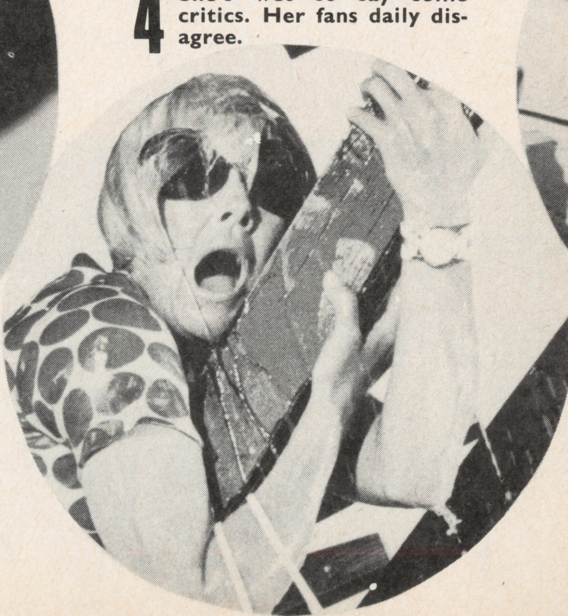


**1** This singing star sets the pace for what's new in faces. And to be frank, if you don't know him, you shouldn't go on with this quiz.



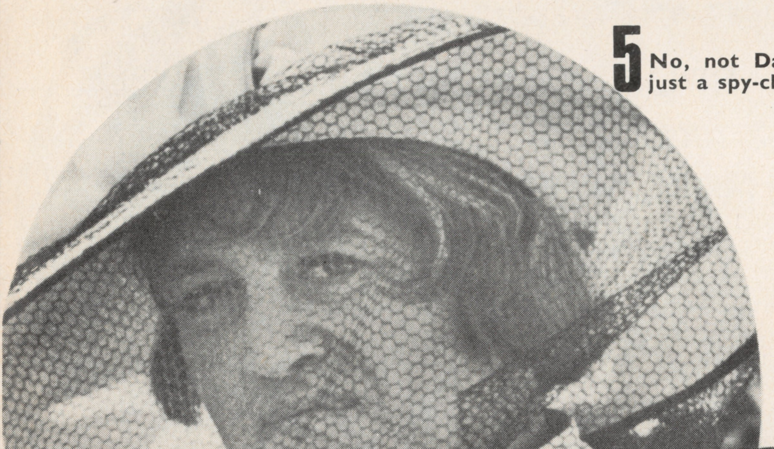
**2** Usually historical, but never this old.

**3** His flair is comedy affairs, now he prefers dramatics.

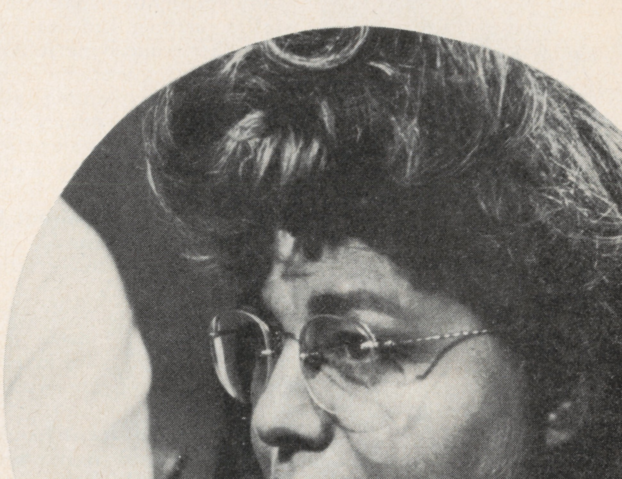


**4** She's wet—so say some critics. Her fans daily disagree.

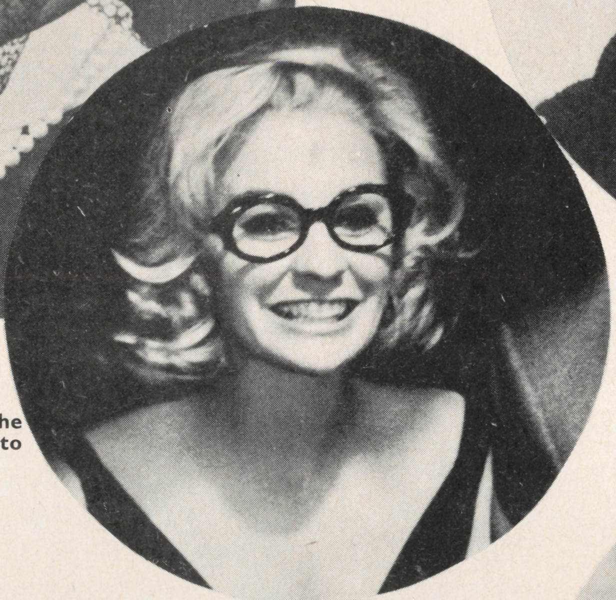
# NAME THESE STARS?



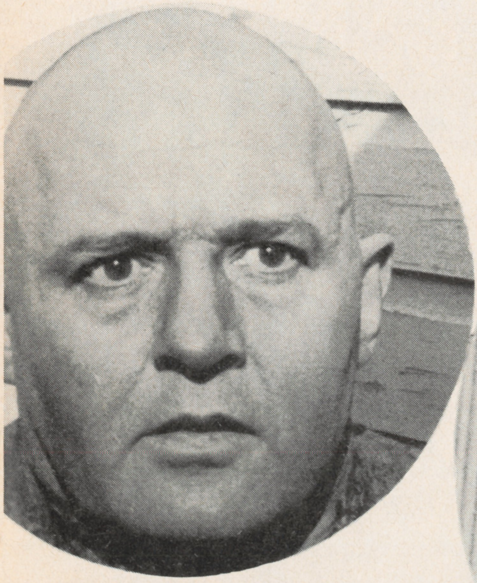
**5** No, not Danny La Rue—just a spy-chief in disguise.



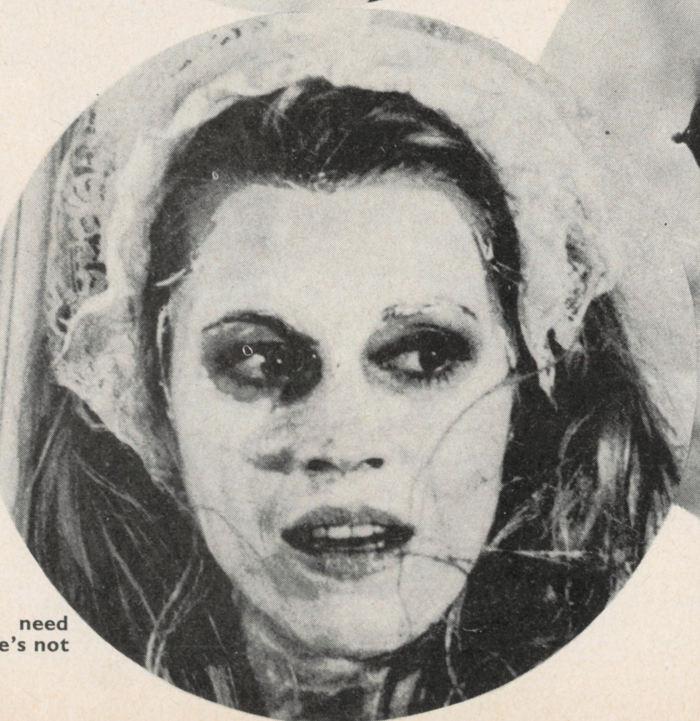
**7** Unique in any season—one of 1966's Oscar-winners.



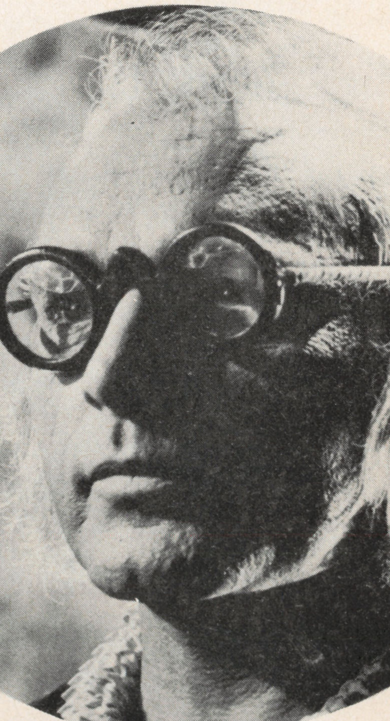
**6** British born and bred, she made a fine come-back to the top.



**8** The finest film-actor on this page—need we say more.



**9** Didn't think she'd need beauty-packs—for she's not plain.



**10** Always working — usually with his wife.

# What's new with NEWLEY?

FROM page 11

**Q: So you'll write, direct—and star?**

A: That's the nightmare. I may have to—as my collateral. A name of any value is worth something. I'm more keen in putting it together, conceiving it. With my company, and I guess, my money—it's too much of a drag explaining it all to the money men. So it'll be my money, my risk. I think that at the age of 34 and after 20 years in the business, if I make a mistake then I deserve to get clobbered to death . . .

**Q: How do you feel about Joan returning to work in films?**

A: It's wild! She never retired; she was busy having babies. She's a successful actress and adores it. She made *Warning Shot* with David Janssen and some TV. She doesn't have to work, and I figure if I keep her working, she won't want to go out at night!

**Q: And the children. Would you mind if they followed their parents?**

A: Oh I'd love Tara to be in the business. She's my sign—Libra—and a lot of things rub off on her. She's mad about music at three. Joanie's such a wild mother; for Tara it must be like having a sister. There's no concessions to her as a baby; she's like a grown up who hasn't quite learned it all yet. Same goes for Sach [*Alexander*, 18 *months*]. He has the temperament even now. He's a Virgo, which means dogmatic. I rather see him as a writer . . .

**Q: From *Dr. Dolittle* onwards, how wild do you think the future will be for you and show business?**

A: It's really *Dr. Poppins*, isn't it? I think it'll be big—fantasy is in. We're starting with gentle fantasy but grown-up fantasy is coming. Fellini's 8½ was the start.

I think it's going to be rougher. We're going to see a lot of funny things on the screen. Everything's going to be allowed because we've got this terrible thing called leisure. The man in the street—he'll want to experiment, just like the intellectual. He's going to want to see pornography in his movies. Oh yes, I see this trend coming very fast—the fantasy movie is just the toe in the door.

I think poetic films with pornographic overtones—very beautiful to look at—are going to come in. Man cannot create anything outside his head; Walt Disney's done it all. From now on, the trip will be inside. We're going to unlock doors inside ourselves. It's going to be a wild world.

> 'Films of the future? They're going to be rougher and funnier. Adult fantasies—in which everything's going to be allowed!'

## DID you name these stars

*Give yourself 10 points for each correct answer; 20, if by chance, you've got the film as well, though we don't insist you know this. Ratings: 100/200—brilliant . . . obviously you're a dedicated filmgoer and constant Showtime reader; 70/140—or over, very good indeed; 50/100—good, but you've been missing some of our issues; 40/80—or under, hmm, well, isn't it about time you turned off the TV and spent an evening at the cinema?*

Answers: 1, John Lennon in *How I Won The War*; 2, Peter O'Toole, *The Night Of The Generals*; 3, Leslie Philips, *Maroc 7*; 4, Doris Day, *Caprice*; 5, Lee J. Cobb, *In Like Flint*; 6, Shelley Winters, *Enter Laughing*; 7, Jean Simmons, *Face Without A Name*; 8, Rod Steiger, *The Pawnbroker*; 9, Jane Fonda, *The Game Is Over*; 10, Richard Burton as *Dr. Faustus*.

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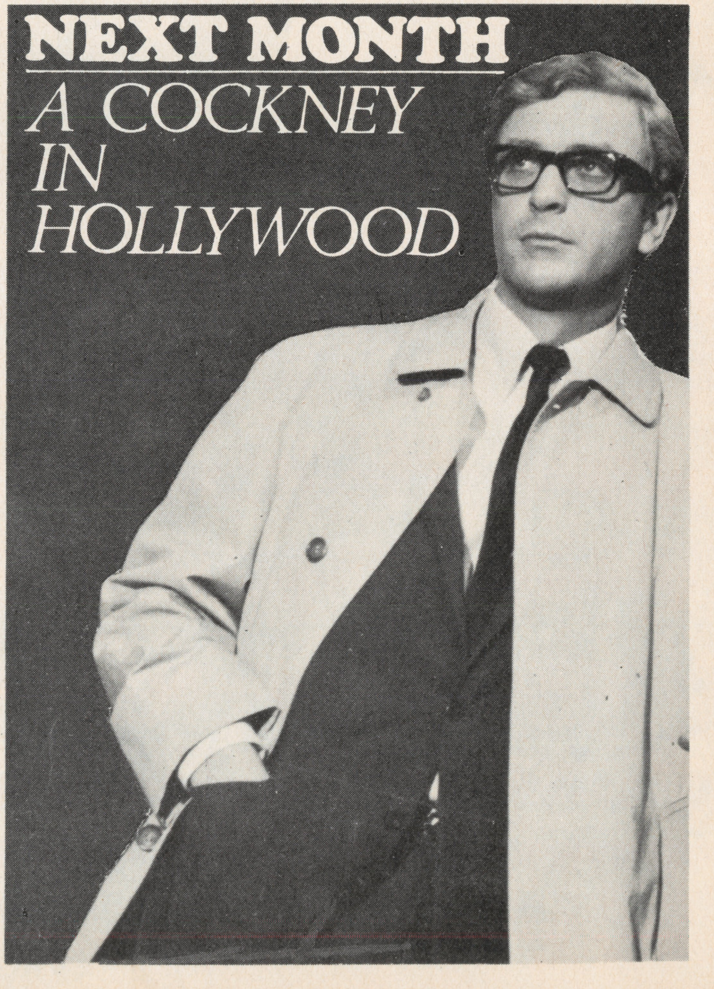

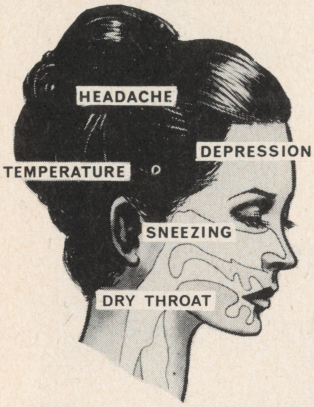
HEADACHE
DEPRESSION
TEMPERATURE
SNEEZING
DRY THROAT

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**Lowers Temperature**

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**Relieves Pain Fast**

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**Lifts Depression**

**WATCH OUT FOR THE SIGNS** A dry throat; sneezing; aching head and limbs; cold shivers; hot sweats; depression. All symptoms of a heavy cold or even a nasty attack of 'flu. You can't *avoid* colds or 'flu, but you *can* make yourself feel a great deal better—and soon.

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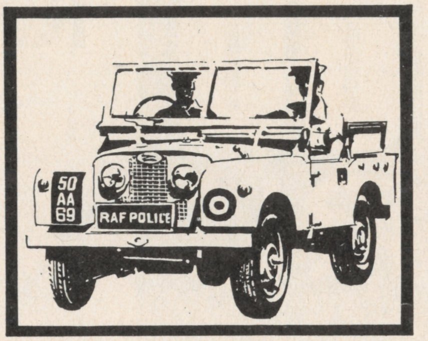
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# Police

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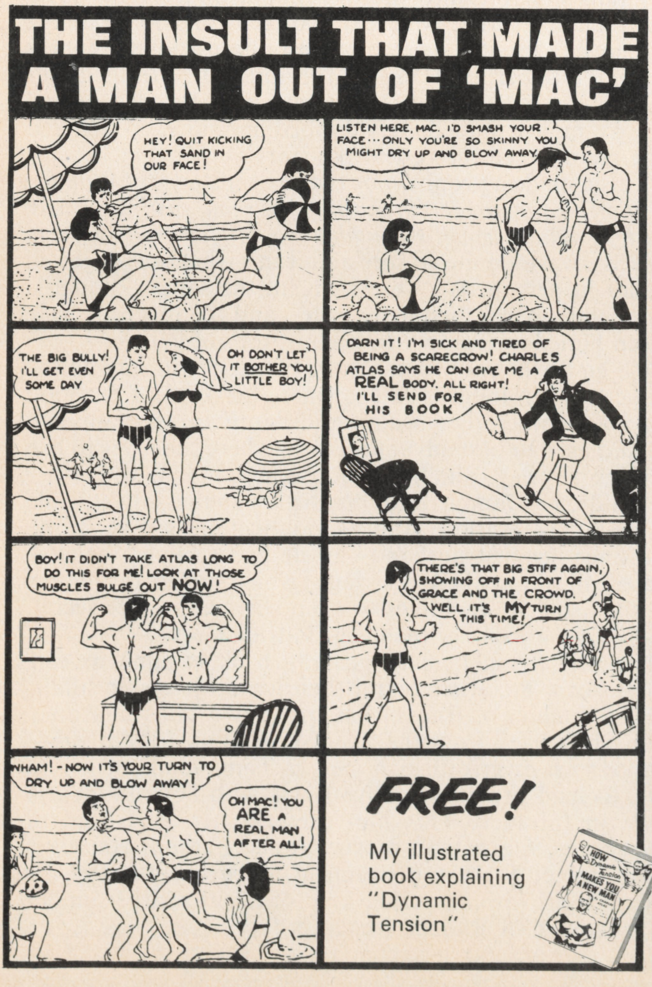
THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF 'MAC'
HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACE!
LISTEN HERE, MAC. I'D SMASH YOUR FACE··· ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL SEND FOR HIS BOOK
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES BULGE OUT NOW!
THERE'S THAT BIG STIFF AGAIN, SHOWING OFF IN FRONT OF GRACE AND THE CROWD. WELL IT'S MY TURN THIS TIME!
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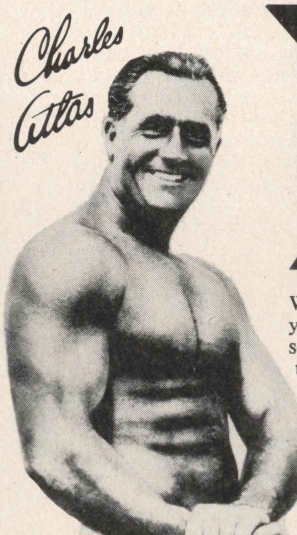
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☐ MORE WEIGHT

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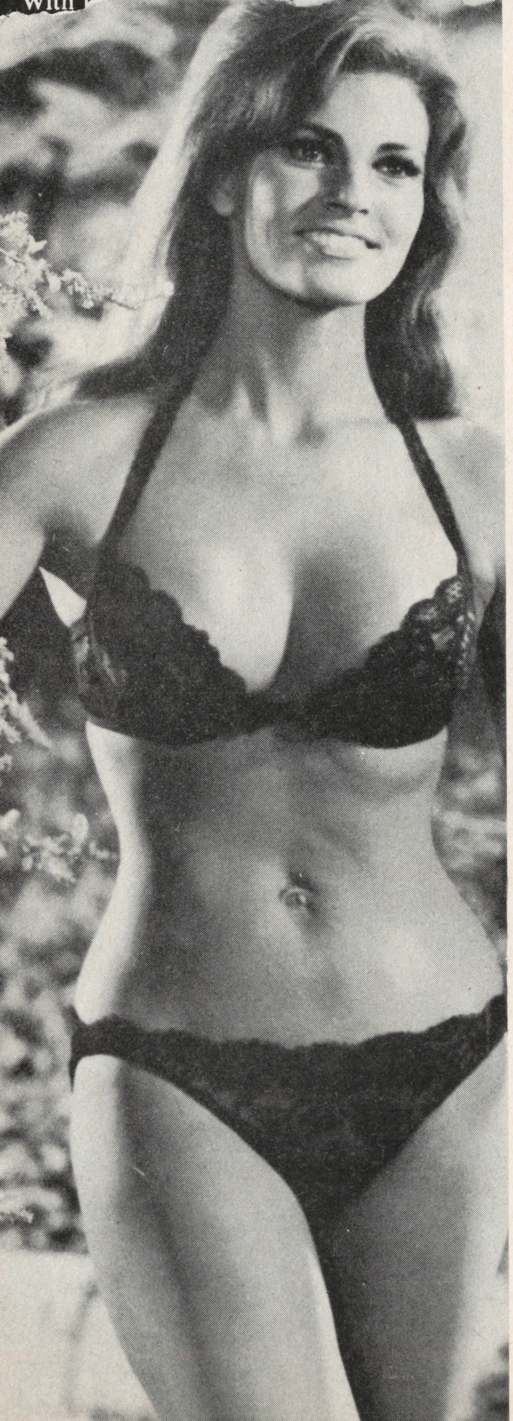
# 1966 GIRL

RAQUEL WELCH is the girl Hollywood has been waiting for: a sex-symbol who can really act. Yet the Americans have lost her already to Britain. This vibrant new screen stunner is now finishing her first British picture, *One Million Years BC*, and is due back for another, *Female Of The Species*, soon. With th

# RAQUEL proves us right!



**Bikinis all the time for Raquel Welch. In Spain (above) with Richard Briers, making *Fathom*—and in Rome (left) where she sends poor Marcello Mastroianni into erotic fantasies in his first solo production, *Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand*.**

CONSIDERING that most film beauties wear a bikini at one time or another—in or out of films—it is rarely that one girl can make it into such a personal trademark. But then girls like Raquel Welch are exceedingly rare. She really puts new life into the old bikini. She designs them herself, making sure they're just that teeny bit too small. . . .

It's now 12 months—headline and photo-packed months—since the superlative form of Raquel first framed our pages. She was unknown then; due here for her second starring film. We immediately dubbed her our *1966 Girl* and let the pictures tell the rest of the story.

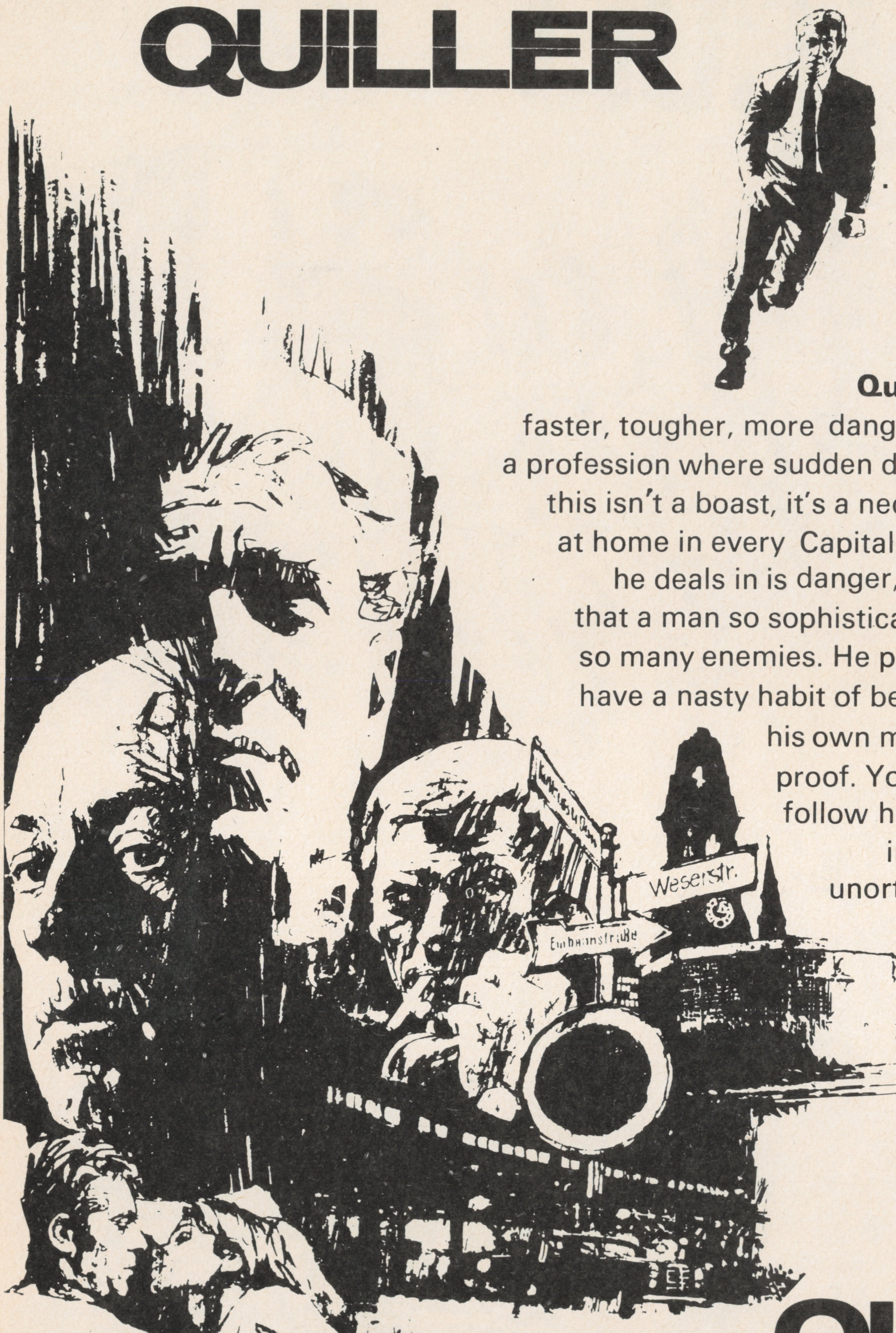
We even made a prophesy or two. For instance: "*With the kind of offers she can get* (*in Europe*) *she could easily stay here for a long time. Raquel's actually too hot for Hollywood to hold.*" She wasn't quite so sure about this when we suggested it to her in person. We were right all the same. Raquel is now finishing her fifth starring role—and the last four have all been filmed in Europe. In bikinis, too, of course.

We'll go further now and say that Raquel will stay on the Euro-scene even longer. This is where her kind of films are being made; where her beauty and figure are best appreciated, and used to best advantage; and where she loves to live and work anyway. She has a house in London, where her two children—Damon and his sister Tahnes—live while she's away on location. And we doubt if she's eager to go home since her first husband—estate agent James Welch—revealed all about their marriage, which ended in divorce after six years. Raquel likes to keep her married life secret. She's since married her manager, Patrick Curtis.

Since first flying here to go way back in time to *One Million Years B.C.* (her bikini then was a goat-skin affair, still very fetching!), Raquel has made two films in Rome.

Now she's back from the Spanish locations of *Fathom*—opposite such diverse British men as Tom Adams, Richard Briers, Ronald Fraser and Clive Revil, with Tony Franciosa thrown in for luck. This film presents her as a kind of *Modesty Blaise*, expert in most matters. Fathom Harvill is her full name; a girl too beautiful to be accepted by the world as a girl with any other kind of talent apart from her beauty. A kind of Raquel Welch, in fact . . .

# QUILLER



. . . the kind of man
you can
underestimate . . .
*once!*

**Quiller** is a man, a real man, he's faster, tougher, more dangerous than anyone else, and in a profession where sudden death is an occupational hazard this isn't a boast, it's a necessity. Quiller is International; at home in every Capital in the world, and the currency he deals in is danger, intrigue, and murder. Strange that a man so sophisticated, so charming, should have so many enemies. He prefers them to friends – friends have a nasty habit of betraying. Quiller wouldn't trust his own mother . . . His cynicism is bullet proof. You must meet Quiller, you must follow his memorandum. Quiller works in a deadly, lonely way – always unorthodox, always effective. You'll find Quiller the most exciting man you've ever met, and if he shatters your nerves occasionally remember he's living on his. Be thankful you're only watching.

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# THE QUILLER MEMORANDUM

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# THE SPY CULT IS OVER

# WHAT'S NEW In Spyland

*LOOK OUT! Where? There, you fool—behind you! Ah, got him. Well done—that was a near thing. Whoops, here we go again . . . not finished yet. Look—over there, atop St. Paul's. The fiends! Telescopic sights on that cannon, I'd say. And—oh no!—here come their helicopters with that deadly gas again . . . Quick—radio for help. Send for Dick Barton, Paul Temple, Dixon of Dock Green. ANYBODY!*

It was, of course, no good sending for James Bond, Derek Flint or Matt Helm. They've got problems of their own. What kind of problems? You can discover this in three new films which tell their heroic tales. And if each super-spy has a different way of dealing with the sinister situations with which he is faced, there is one thing they all have in common—they are each battling against an adversary who is hell-bent on world domination.

THAT'S WHY honourable 007-san, James Bond, has been whisked by M to Japanese places with strange-sounding names such as Kobe, Kirishima and Kagoshim. Soon Bond finds he is up to his trusty British neck in sake, sexy communal baths and sumo wrestlers.

THAT'S WHY "ZOWIE" has begged Derek Flint to give up his life of selfish pursuits (which include survival courses in Death Valley and ballet dancing in Moscow) to solve a tricky matter in the Virgin Isles.

THAT'S WHY Matt Helm, with a highball in one hand and a girl in the other, is working for ICE and dashing all over (and *under*) America and the French Riviera.

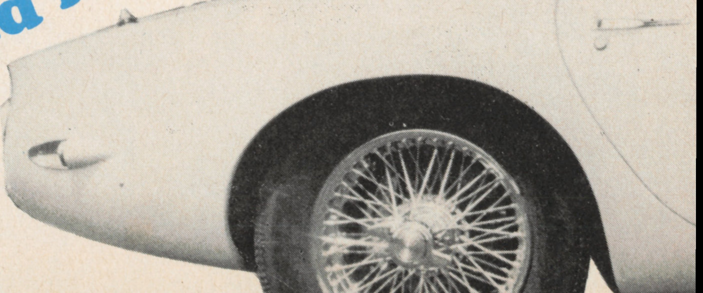
Yes, it's all happening in the spy world. While UNCLE's men and girls, not to mention Batman and Robin, take on less fearsome villains on the small screen, it's time once more for fiction's deadliest criminals to have yet another shot at finishing off the cinema's top three knights of espionage.

This year, poor old Bond even agrees to marriage for Queen and Country. In his fifth ("and my last") 007 film, *You Only Live Twice*, suave Sean Connery does his level best

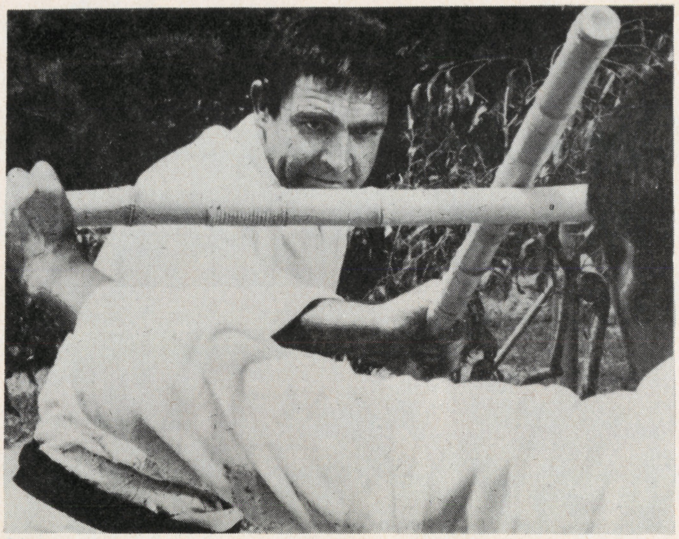
**TURN page**

**Above: Meet the wife—Mr. and Mrs. James Bond (she's Mie Hame) having a rather hectic honeymoon .**

**and he's got a new car, too!**



# THE SPY CULT IS OVER who says?



**Above: It's James Bond—Japanese style. Right: Our man Flint and uniformity never did go cap in hand.**

to live up to the title by marrying the delectable Mie Hame, dallying with Akiko Wakabayashi, and avoiding having his head shot off by a deadly blonde called Karin Dor.

Japanese star Tetsuro Tamba is in charge of Bond's orientation—and he has his work cut out as 007 has to spend half the film disguised as a Nip. His classes include communal bathing, where he is steamed and massaged by a quartet of Japanese beauties. Tamba calls it Bond's first "civilised bath". After checking over the girls, Bond replies: "I like the plumbing. anyway."

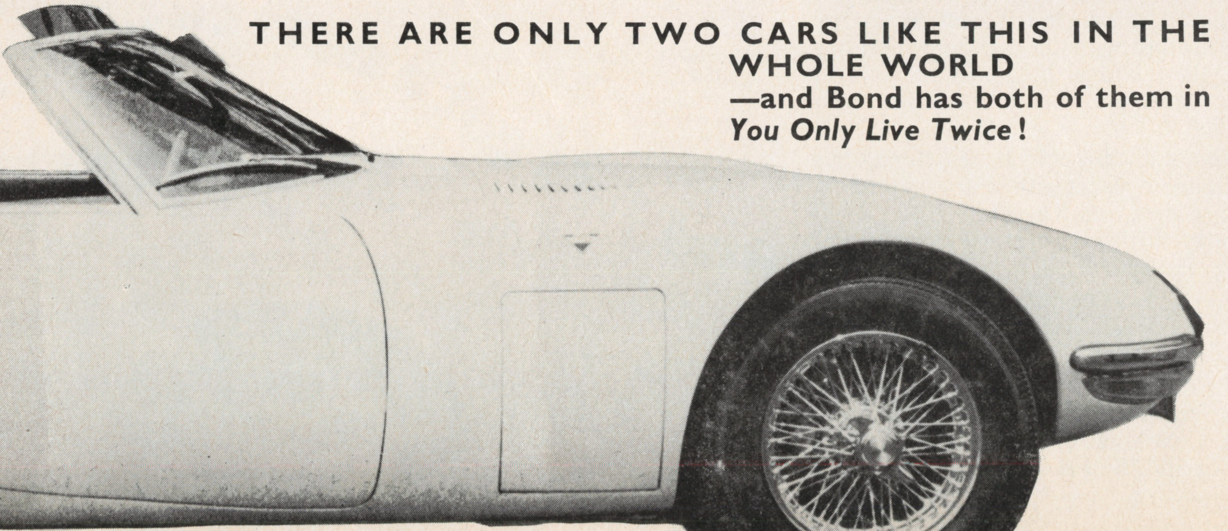
In the new Flint film, *In Like Flint* (which star James Coburn insists is his last as the daring Derek), the spy hero is, once again, concerned with the problems of ZOWIE'S chief, Lee J. Cobb, only when his girl friends are kidnapped by the baddies. He soon proves it was a bad move on their part to get in his hair this way!

In this adventure, Flint has a new cigarette lighter with various new attachments to fool his enemies, including a mini-grappling hook, complete with a tight-rope, which can be used for escapes—you just cast it like a fishing rod in the direction of any nearby escape route and simply walk along the tight-rope-like wire! His tie-clip is new, too. Shaped like a tuning-fork it can emit various pitches of sound to shatter any solid elements keeping our boy from his girls.

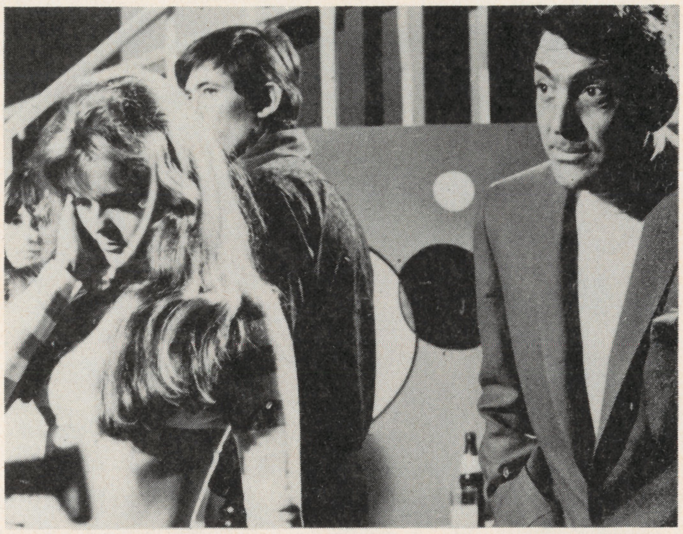
Helm, as ever, is surrounded by "Slaygirls." In *Murderers' Row* there are 12. "One for every month of the year," he notes with casual glee. And, just in case he still has time on his hands, there's Beverley Adams (alias Lovey Kravezit), Ann-Margret, and Camilla Sparv as the ice-cool menace. Camilla comes straight from completing her second film, in which she co-starred with (whisper it) James Coburn.

## THERE ARE ONLY TWO CARS LIKE THIS IN THE WHOLE WORLD

### —and Bond has both of them in *You Only Live Twice*!



**007's latest line in autogimmicks is Japanese—what will Aston Martin say?—a special version of the new Toyota GT200. This doesn't go on sale until the summer, and then only in hard-top. Bond had to have a convertible—so two models were redesigned, built and delivered in four weeks. As curvy agent Akiko Wakabayashi slyly says when giving Bond his new toy: "We have a few things going for us too, Mr. Bond."**



**Top left: Flint wins over the enemy (Jean Hale). Above and below: It's danger all the way for Matt Helm—whether hot water or hot dancing along with Ann-Margret.**

Gimmicks? Yes, there are plenty in the new Helm adventure—but they're on the TOP SECRET list at the moment.

Who are Bond, Flint and Helm's adversaries?

Bond is fighting Osata, the wily Oriental chief of SPECTRE, who lives inside a volcano of fantastic proportions. It cost a million dollars to build the set.

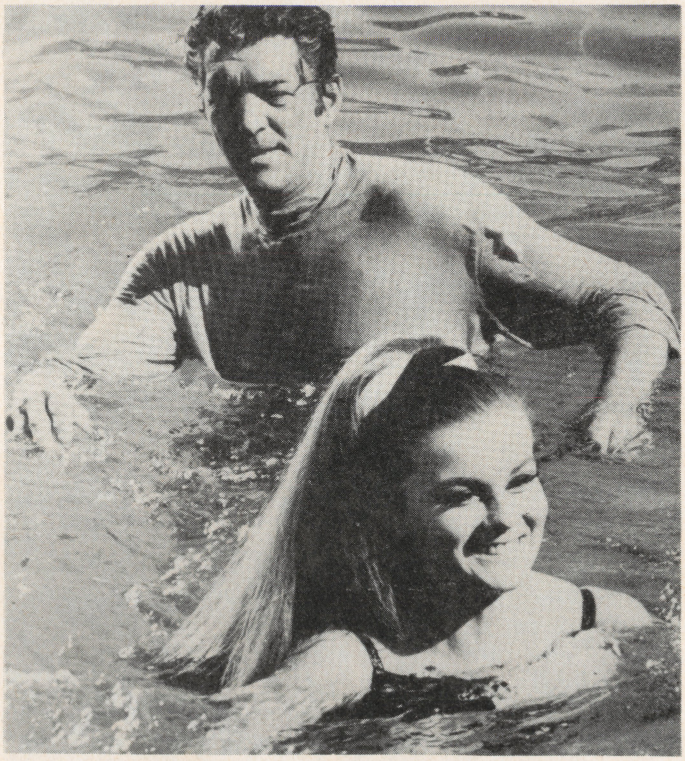
Helm is up against villain Karl Malden, who has not only kidnapped a VIP scientist but is forcing him to blow up the world.

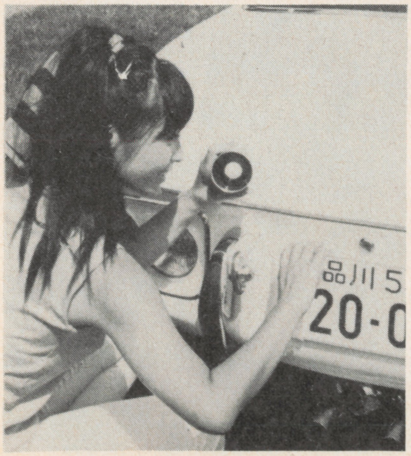
Flint—wouldn't you know it?—takes on an all-girl outfit which has thought up a new way of getting world domination so that women can take over. Their plan involves at least one man—who impersonates the kidnapped President of the United States!

Is the spy cult over? It hardly sounds like it. Especially when you remember that in addition to these tongue-in-cheek heroes there is a new film, *Funeral In Berlin*, starring that serious spy, Harry Palmer, alias Michael Caine. And who could forget that the gorgeous Raquel Welch is also turning up in an espionage yarn? Her heroine is called Fathom Hervill and her first film—*Fathom*—is written and directed by the *Batman* team . . .

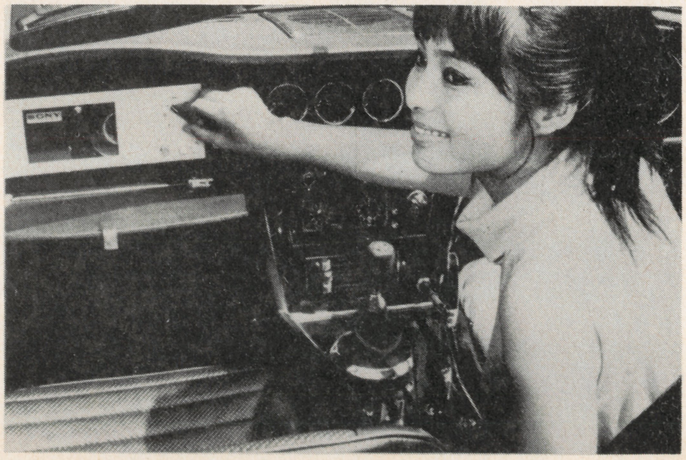
And, of course, we mustn't forget the six-million-dollar 007 spoof epic, *Casino Royale*, which stars (are you ready?) David Niven as Sir James Bond, Peter Sellers as Bond-for-a-day, Woody Allen as Jimmy Bond and new star Terence Cooper as 007 . . .!

*Incidentally, an American producer recently bought a Japanese spy film and asked Woody Allen to dub it for more laughs. The result is a farce now called* What's Up, Tiger Lily? *And the girls just happen to be Connery's latest, Mie Hame and Akiko Wakabayashi. That's spyland for you!*





**Special agent Akiko shows off the wonder gadgets. A video-tape recording unit in the glove compartment (right) which tapes everything (the cars chasing 007, or being followed)shot by special cameras mounted at the front or rear (behind the licence plate—left). All very peaceful really. But that's the way it should be in Japan—where Sean Connery and Co. had to use toy pistols in their scenes. Real guns, even with blanks, are barred by law!**



**RICHARD JOHNSON**

*starring in KHARTOUM and DEADLIER THAN THE MALE*

**MARLON BRANDO**

*starring in THE COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG*

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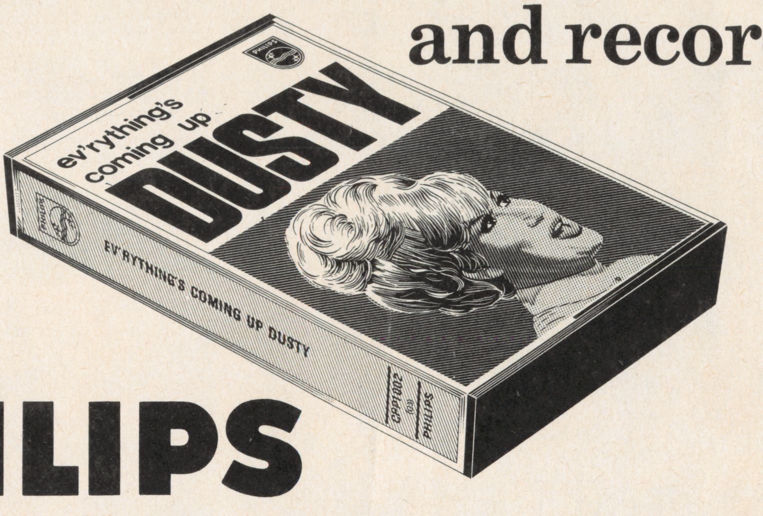

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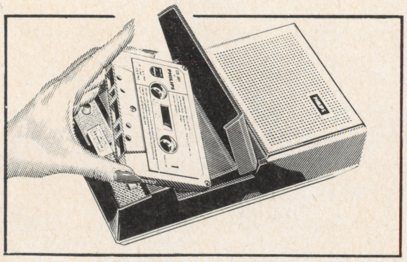

**Portable Model EL3301T 27 gns**
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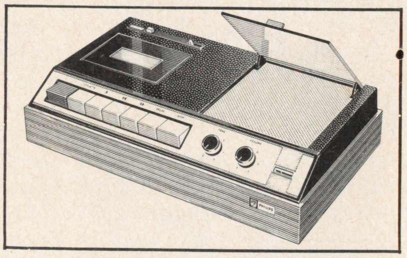

**Mains/Mono Model EL3310 35 gns**
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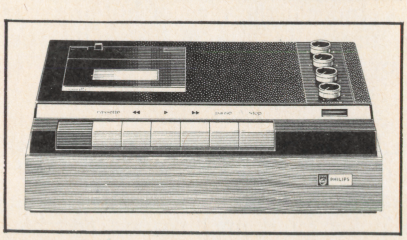

**Mains/stereo Model EL3312 48 gns**
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Publicity man Robert Herrington writes about an experience he is never likely to forget . . .

DAVID MAGNUS/rex

# WORKING WITH BARDOT

IT came suddenly and with force from Brigitte Bardot's lips . . . a word which, translated into any language, was unprintable. But, I had to admit, she had some justification.

She had stepped out of her caravan dressing-room, looking fabulous in a Pierre Cardin wedding gown. It was raining and she stood barfoot under the shelter of a huge umbrella, thoughtfully provided by a member of her French entourage as a precaution against the rigours of the Scottish weather.

The scene was Dirleton Castle, and what had captured Brigitte's undivided attention was the swoosh of firemen's hoses as they drenched her stand-in.

The next scene for her new film, *Two Weeks In September*, called for her to stand in the rain on the castle's battlements and, although the weather had done its best to help, the downfall was not strong enough to satisfy director Serge Bourguinon. He asked the local fire brigade to help. Within seconds two powerful hoses had done their worst on the stand-in rehearsing the scene.

It was Brigitte's turn to take a drenching next—and she knew it. Hence the oath.

However, despite the cold, she did the scene without so much as a grumble. It did not surprise me for, although I hadn't known Brigitte for long, I did know that she was a highly professional actress.

I was to discover later that she is also a woman of sudden whims, and is absolutely unpredictable in everything—except her work.

I first met Brigitte Bardot in Customs at London Airport. She had just arrived and was sitting on the counter, a faraway look on her face.

She was surrounded by a vast number of people—all French—who had accompanied her from Paris to film her location scenes in Britain. To say the least, it was quite a tricky moment for me. Only a few hundred yards from where she sat, we had organised a huge Press reception. Waiting for her were 150 photographers, columnists, reporters, TV cameras and correspondents.

Friends in the film industry had warned me that she did not like publicity and would, probably, refuse to see the Press. Indeed, the idea of holding a reception at all was a risk, for we didn't know if Brigitte would see anyone.

However, crossing my fingers, I introduced myself and told her what had been arranged.

She smiled a greeting and there was a short silence, so I added, by way of encouragement, that I had booked a private suite for her if she wanted to "powder her nose".

I must confess that as she turned the idea of the reception over in her mind, my heart missed a beat or two. What would I say to the battery of reporters and photographers if she refused to co-operate? Unpredictable as ever, she jumped to her feet and said: "I don't want to go to the private suite—I would like to see the Press right away."

TO page 26

FROM page 31

**Lynn Redgrave and brother Corin—the family's next star?—in** ***The Deadly Affair***

"Then, at 16, I had serious thoughts about becoming a cook. I intended to do it all very properly, advertising my services in *The Times* and preparing superb and expensive five-course dinners for executives in their own homes, and so on. Even took a two-month 'Housewives' Cookery Course at London's Polytechnic, graduating on meat, vegetables and breads. But I fell flat on souffles."

This experience so shattered Lynn that she turned in her egg-beater and went to stay with her parents at Stratford-upon-Avon, where they were both appearing during the 1959 Shakespeare season. She spent so much time at the theatre and with theatrical people that the whole thing "got under my skin", and, on her return to London, she enrolled at the Central School of Speech and Drama (where sister Vanessa was trained) and studied there for more than two years.

"I enjoyed my time there enormously. The only stage part I had played before was in a school Nativity play when I was ten. I was a shepherd—complete with moustache—and had to say but one line: *'There be the star!'*

"At drama school, I was plunged right into the hurly-burly of acting. I revelled in it—and forgot all about show-jumping and cooking as possible careers (though I still enjoy both)."

Leaving drama school, Lynn Redgrave discovered that a famous name can be something of a double-edged sword.

"But at all my auditions I was always terribly nervous. Producers and casting directors are often hypercritical if you're the daughter or son of a well-known star, and expect you to be especially good—much better than if your name was, say, Lynn Smith. And if you give a bad audition they remember it, whereas if you are a complete unknown, they would quickly forget it and you'd stand another chance with them later.

"I've never once considered changing my name, though. I've always felt there's something odd about people who pretend to be someone else so that they can prove to the world they have 'got there' on their own. People ask me if my family give me a lot of help and advice with my acting. They don't, because I don't ask and because acting is something you have to feel and work out for yourself. You learn best from the people you act with. That's where I've been very lucky at the National Theatre, of course, working with such people as Sir Laurence Olivier."

Lynn currently has a three-year contract to appear with the National Theatre Company and that remains her first love, no matter what exciting film offers come along after *Georgy Girl.* Following appearances in *The Recruiting Officer*, *Andorra*, *Hay Fever* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, she more recently had roles in *Mother Courage* and, in Moscow and West Berlin, *Love For Love.*

"During *Georgy Girl,* I would be filming all week and, with perhaps a matinee and a couple of evening performances at the theatre thrown in, to say nothing of maybe matinee *and* evening shows on Saturdays, I would sleep all day on Sundays. Jolly good thing I love acting, that's all I can say!"

It was largely Lynn's ebullient performance in *The Girl With The Green Eyes* that won her *Georgy Girl.* "I went along to audition for the part, never thinking for a moment that I'd be successful. When I heard that I'd been chosen I was frightened to death! Though I find filming much less frightening than 'treading the boards.' I just live from one scene to the next and leave all the responsibility to the director of the film. But if I were playing *Georgy* on stage, and evaluating my whole performance, I'd be a wreck inside a week . . ."

Lynn and Vanessa have a perfect sisterly relationship and get on extremely well together. "I'm one of her biggest fans," laughs Lynn. Both are tall, "but I'm the bigger-boned one."

Lynn's next film should have been *Smashing Time* with her great chum, Rita Tushingham. "Tush and I call ourselves Laurel and Hardy; we love doing comedy together and this would be a fine farce."

The production, alas, is a victim of the current financial squeeze. Lynn, in fact, has had three plays, one after the other, stopped for the same reason. (No wonder she went off to Broadway in *Black Comedy*.)

Lynn today has swopped her horse for a shiny red Mini, and lives alone in a white-painted flat in Victoria.

With or without the other members of her telented family, Lynn Redgrave's star has arrived and will continue to burn bright—credit squeeze or no. That very first line she spoke on a stage as a ten-year-old has proved strangely prophetic: *There be the star!*

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